



# THE LIBERTY "76" BOYS OF 76

A Weekly Magazine containing Stories of the American Revolution.

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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 20, 1907.

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## THE LIBERTY BOYS WITH HAND'S RIFLEMEN; OR, THE FLIGHT OF THE HESSIANS.

*By HARRY MOORE.*



As Dick came dashing up, one of the boats was seized and the Hessians were tumbled out. "Throw up your hands!" cried the Liberty Boys. The other boat pulled away and Hand's men pursued it along the river bank.



# THE LIBERTY BOYS OF 1776

A HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

BY JAMES O. BROWN

THE LIBERTY BOYS' HANDS PRINTER

OR THE BIRTH OF THE NATION

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## CHAPTER I.

### DANNY AND HIS TORMENTOR.

After the battle of Long Island, in August, 1776, the Americans were hard pressed.

In September they were driven out of New York City and occupied the upper end of the island.

The British, under General Howe, then began movements toward the investment of Fort Washington.

Westchester was invaded, there were ships on the Hudson, at Dobbs' Ferry, and everywhere the enemy seemed to be gathering force.

Howe's aim was to get possession of Westchester and drive the patriots across the Hudson into Jersey.

It was a gloomy time for the patriots, and well might the bravest hearts lose courage as disaster after disaster befell their cause.

Fighting for independence, and never losing heart, no matter what happened, were one hundred patriot youths known as the Liberty Boys.

Their captain, Dick Slater, and his first lieutenant, Bob Estabrook, lived in Westchester, near Tarrytown.

The greater part of the company came from Westchester, where they were encamped at the opening of our story, in the month of October, 1776.

They were all mounted on good horses and could move rapidly from place to place, this being of decided advantage in harassing the enemy.

Howe had a large army in Westchester, but various bands of patriots, regular and independent, were giving him a great deal of annoyance and causing him to make but slow progress.

The Liberty Boys were among those who harassed the enemy, whether British or Hessians, and General Howe had offered a reward of five hundred pounds for the capture of Dick Slater, alive or dead.

Dick was a famous spy, and had been employed as such by General Washington himself, whose confidence he enjoyed.

At this trying time Dick could be of great use as a spy, and often was.

One pleasant October afternoon Dick Slater and Bob Estabrook were riding along the road about five miles from their camp.

They suddenly heard screams and dashed ahead to see what they meant.

Just around a turn of the road they came upon a stout man beating a boy of ten with a whip.

"There, you young rebel, take that!" he growled.

He was about to raise the whip again when Dick leaped from his horse and snatched it from his hand.

"What are you about, you big brute?" he demanded.

At the same time Bob dismounted and took the boy away.

"What have you got to say about it?" growled the man.

"Everything," said Mark. "Why do you beat the boy?"

"Because he won't mind."

"I do mind," said the boy, who stood close to Bob, "but he wants to make a Tory of me and I won't be one."

"Is that the way you make converts?" asked Dick.

"With a horse whip? How would you like the same medicine?"

The man stepped back to his horse, which stood near.

Big as he was, there was something about Dick Slater that made him hesitate to strike the boy.

Dick was strong and well made, with brown hair and blue-gray eyes and a look of determination in his face which made the Tory pause.

Dick flung the whip from him in disgust and said:

"Bah! I would not soil my hands on you, but if I hear of your striking that boy again, I'll take measures to stop it for good and all."

"Don't send me back with him," pleaded the boy. "He isn't my father, and I don't want to go."

"He isn't?" asked Bob.

"No; I've just been living with him and the old woman, that's all."

"Where did you live before that?"

"I don't know. Somewhere in a big house where there was a lot of boys and girls and old men and women. Sometimes one of the boys or girls would go away, and then we wouldn't see 'em again."

"An almshouse, was it?"

"I don't know. I haven't seen it since I went away."

"What is this man's name?"

"Ezra Dinks."

"And what is yours?"

"Danny Manners."

"Where does Dinks live?"

"Down by the river, near Tarrytown. I ran away 'cause he beat me, and he came after me and beat me again."

"What for?"

"'Cause I wouldn't be a Tory and shout for the king and say down with General Washington. I wouldn't do it."

"What claim have you on this boy?" asked Dick.

"I took him out of the poorhouse and brought him up proper. Don't you get enough to eat, Danny?"

"Yes."

"Don't you have good clothes?"

"Yes."

"Don't you go to school and to meeting and say your prayers?"

"Yes."

"Haven't I been a good father to you?"



"No, you haven't. You beat me. They didn't beat me at the big house."

"Will you go back with him if he promises not to beat you, Danny?" asked Dick.

"He won't keep his word. He said before, two or three times, that he wouldn't if I went back with him, and he did, worse'n before."

Dick was puzzled.

If this man had a real claim on the boy, if he had legally adopted him, in short, recourse would have to be had to the courts to release the boy.

"Have you a legal claim to this boy?" Dick asked, fixing his keen eyes on the man.

"Yes, I have," but Dick saw him change color and knew that he lied.

"I don't believe you!" he said. "You have simply taken the boy. Even if you had a claim on him, you have no right to beat him as you do."

"The boy lies; I don't beat him; I only tried to frighten him."

"I saw you strike him."

"Yes, but I didn't hit him hard."

"Take off your coat, Danny," said Dick.

The boy obeyed, having confidence in Dick.

"Loosen his shirt, Bob."

Bob turned back the collar of the boy's shirt.

On his shoulders were two red welts where the whip had struck.

"What do you call that?" demanded Dick. "The whip cut him in spite of his coat and shirt. Put on your coat, Danny. You're not going back with a man like that."

The boy buttoned his shirt and put on his coat.

"You're going to take him from me, are you?" snarled Dinks. "We'll see about that. I know the law and——"

"Get on your horse, Bob," said Dick. "Someone is coming."

Bob obeyed in a moment.

Then he heard the sound of horsemen coming on.

They might be friends or they might not be.

There were redcoats in the neighborhood, and not far distant.

In a moment the riders appeared.

They were redcoats.

Dick caught the boy up as though he had been a baby, put him in the saddle and then sprang up himself.

The redcoats raised a shout as they saw the two boys.

Dick wheeled his fine black horse, a pure Arabian, and said:

"Come on, Bob. There is no time to lose."

Bob was at his side in a twinkling, and away they both dashed.

The Tory now jumped upon his horse, shouted to the redcoats and set off after the two Liberty Boys.

Dick's horse, Major, was swift as the wind, and he could have distanced the redcoats in a short time.

Bob's horse was not as speedy, however, and Dick did not want to leave him behind.

They made as good speed as the redcoats, however, and the latter did not gain upon them.

For two miles the chase was kept up and then a detachment of thirty Liberty Boys appeared, coming on at an easy gait.

"Charge them, boys, redcoats!" shouted Dick. "Drive them back!"

"Hurrah, liberty forever!" cried the boys, and at once they flew at the redcoats, who quickly turned and fled, the Tory going with them.

## CHAPTER II.

### LIVELY TIMES ON THE ROAD.

The thirty Liberty Boys did not pursue the redcoats for any great distance, Dick soon recalling them.

They rode back, and then the leader, a handsome, dashing-looking boy, somewhat younger than Dick, said:

"So the enemy made you run, eh, Dick?"

"For about two miles, Mark. There were only Bob and myself and the boy."

"Who's he, a new Liberty Boy, Dick?" with a laugh.

"Hardly; but he is under our care for the present. There's a story connected with him. You have seen no other redcoats or Hessians?"

"No. We heard that there were Hessians about and set out to look for them."

"Then we'll go back to the camp."

The boys then rode on leisurely, Dick in the lead.

"Who's the boy, Bob?" asked the other.

He was Mark Morrison, the second lieutenant, one of the bravest of the boys and trusted next to Bob himself by Dick.

"His name is Danny Manners; he has been living with a brute of a Tory who beats him, and Dick has taken him in charge."

"The Tory was not his father, then?"

"No; the boy has been in an almshouse."

"He does not look like the ordinary run of boys in such places."

"No, he does not."

"He struck me as a very bright little chap," said a jolly-looking boy named Ben Spurlock.

"So he is, and he has been cared for, in a way, but the Tory wanted to make one of him and beat him with a horsewhip."

"The brute!" exclaimed Harry Thurber.

"The boy can't be over ten," declared Harry Judson, his chum.

"I don't suppose he is," said Bob.

The boys were nearing a cross road leading to White Plains when Dick suddenly drew rein and said:

"Attention, boys. Perhaps these are the Hessians you were looking for, Mark."

A body of horsemen was coming along the intersecting road, but as yet they were hidden by the trees.

"Better get to the other side, boys," said Dick.

The boys quickly rode past the intersection.

Then they halted and awaited the coming of the horsemen.

They presently appeared, coming on at a gallop.

They were Hessians, and there was quite a force of them.



"Charge!" cried Dick. "Down with the Hessians! Drive out the foreign hirelings! Fire!"

The boys made a most impetuous dash, firing a volley as they rode.

The Hessians, apparently thinking that there was a large force of patriots behind the Liberty Boys, turned and fled precipitately.

"That was fine!" said Danny. "We made them run, didn't we?"

"Yes," said Dick, "but if they knew how few of us there were, they would have stood their ground."

The Liberty Boys kept up a rapid firing even after Dick halted them.

The Hessians rode away in hot haste, evidently deciding that the Americans were too many for them.

"It was the surprise that did it," laughed Bob.

"That's what comes of being on the lookout," added Mark.

"If they had seen us first, they would have come on like the wind," declared Ben.

"Yes, but they didn't," chuckled Sam Sanderson, "and that made all the difference in the world."

After waiting for some minutes and seeing that there was no chance of the Hessians returning, Dick rode on with the boys and in time reached the camp.

Skirmishes like this last engagement showed the spirit of the patriots and made Howe cautious in advancing.

Wherever the enemy appeared there seemed to be patriots ready to attack them.

The Americans were not always in great numbers, but their activity and their vigilance led Howe into the belief that they had a tremendous force in Westchester, and hence his caution.

When the boys reached the camp the rest of the Liberty Boys received them heartily.

Dick took Danny to his tent, Bob following, and said: "Now the thing is, what shall we do with this little chap?"

"You won't send me back to the old man and old woman, will you?" asked the boy.

"No; but you can't stay with us, for we are apt to have fighting at any time."

"But I'm so little that I won't get hit, and I like to see you make the redcoats run."

"Yes, but sometimes we have to run ourselves, and the bullets fly around pretty lively."

"You won't send me to the big house where I was before?"

"No, I will take you to my mother's. You can work if you like, and you will be well taken care of."

"I'd like to stay with the Liberty Boys, and I'll keep out of the way when there is any fighting. If you think it best for me to go to your mother's, I will do so."

"I do think it best, my boy, and to-morrow we will ride over there and I will leave you in good hands."

"You could leave him at my house," said Bob. "Alice would be glad to have him, and there would be more for him to do."

"Either place would be good for him," declared Dick, "and he will probably be at one as much as he is at the other. Well, we will settle it to-morrow."

An hour later, however, word came from the commander-in-chief.

The Liberty Boys were to proceed to the neighborhood of East Chester at once.

They were to join Colonel Hand and his riflemen and act in conjunction with that body in harassing the British and Hessians.

They were to start at once and make as rapid progress as possible.

There would be no time to take Danny to Dick's house, and he would therefore remain with the Liberty Boys.

He seemed pleased at the prospect, although he said little.

There was an undersized Liberty Boy named Ira Little who, although four or five years older than Danny, was no bigger.

He took the boy under his protection, fitted him out with a uniform, set him upon a little horse, gave him a pair of pistols and rode beside him.

"The midget has a twin," Bob laughed, when he saw the two together.

"He's good company for me, with all you big fellows around," observed Ira Little, the boy in question, "and I think we make a fine pair."

"So you do," chuckled Mark, "and if you make Danny as brave as yourself, there will be no complaint."

"He is in good hands with Ira," said Dick to Bob, "and, as Ira says, they will be company for each other."

The camp was rapidly dismantled, the baggage packed, and the Liberty Boys in the saddle and on the march.

Danny looked like a pocket edition of a Liberty Boy, and was very proud at being with the rest of the boys.

He rode his little horse well, and Ira kept an eye on him to see that no harm befell him.

"You may be one of the Liberty Boys yet, Danny," said Ira, "if the war lasts long enough."

"Maybe I might," said the boy.

They rode on at a gallop and reached Colonel Hand's quarters soon after dark.

They were well received, for Hand's riflemen and the Liberty Boys had fought side by side before and were well acquainted.

"There are some Hessians not far away, captain," said Hand, "and we must have a whack at them."

"We will," said Dick.

### CHAPTER III.

#### A NIGHT ATTACK.

The Liberty Boys made their camp next to that of Hand's riflemen, and there was much visiting back and forth between the two camps.

The nights were chill, and the fires were lighted as much for comfort as for company.

As the night grew darker and the hour later, the sounds of laughter and of merry chatter grew familiar till at last there was silence in both camps.

Dick Slater always set pickets, no matter whether there were enemies about or not.



There was always a probability that they might come, and so Dick was always prepared.

If neither Hessians nor British appeared, there were prowling bands of Tories, cowboys and others who might descend upon the camp.

Dick was ready for everybody, and his camp was never left unguarded.

Sam Sanderson, marching up and down on his beat an hour or so after bedtime, heard footsteps.

He listened for a few moments till he became satisfied that there were two persons approaching.

Then he waited a moment and, as the footsteps came on, said sharply:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

The footsteps ceased, and out of the darkness came a voice:

"Is this the camp of the Liberty Boys?"

"Who are you and what do you want?"

"Go and tell Captain Slater I want to see him."

"Who are you?"

"He wouldn't know if I told you, but I want to see him."

Sam signaled to one of the boys by a secret code which the boys had and said:

"Wait where you are. There are only two of you, I know, but no one is admitted without authority."

"Two of us? Why, there's only me."

Sam could not see, but he knew as well as if he had seen them that there were two persons without the camp.

"Well, maybe you are twins and count yourselves as one, but you'll have to wait just the same."

"Why don't you go for Captain Slater, as I asked you?" asked the voice.

"You'll see him soon enough."

"Yes, but I want to see him now. It's important."

"What do you want?" asked Dick himself at that moment.

Then a fire suddenly blazed up and revealed two roughly-dressed men standing together a few yards distant.

"Only one, eh?" laughed Sam. "Then I must see double."

One of the men suddenly raised his hand, the light of the fire shining upon a pistol barrel.

In an instant half a dozen boys sprang out from behind trees or bushes and seized him.

The second man beat a hasty retreat and escaped.

The other was brought forward to the fire.

"What do you want?" asked Dick.

"I wanted to shoot you, you rebel, and I'll do it yet," the man answered with a snarl.

The boys held him firmly and took away two pistols and a long, keen-bladed knife.

"Why do you want to shoot me?" asked Dick.

"Because you're a rebel and there's a reward offered for you, alive or dead. I'm going to get that reward."

"Then you are little better than a murderer, by your own confession."

"You're a rebel, and all rebels ought to be shot or hanged. I'd like to see every one of you disposed of."

"Take him away," said Dick, looking sharply at the

man. "He is a spy, and there is only one thing to be done with spies. Keep him under close guard."

The man was securely bound and put in a tent in the middle of the camp.

"What are you going to do with him, Dick?" asked Bob.

"Let him go in the morning," shortly.

"But, Dick, the fellow is a spy and would have taken your life."

"He is not in his right mind, Bob. The man is insane. I can see it in his eyes, in his mouth, on every line of his face. If I am not mistaken, he will be a raving idiot by morning."

"But he is a spy, Dick."

"Perhaps; but his main object is to kill someone. He has a mania for destroying life, and might even take his own if he were not prevented. That is why I had him bound."

Shortly after midnight one of the prisoner's guards reported that he was beginning to talk wildly, that his eyes were set and glassy, and that he was trying to break the cords which bound him.

Later another of the boys reported that the man had tried to escape, bound as he was, but had been prevented.

Before daybreak the man was violently insane, as Dick had predicted.

Just at the darkest hour of the night the watchful pickets heard a large body of men approaching.

The man who had escaped had no doubt brought them.

He had located the camp and had then gone to get some lawless Tory band to attack it.

The very manner of their approach showed that they were neither British nor Hessians.

They came on stealthily, but in no sort of order, there being twenty in one division, a dozen in another and only three or four in another.

The ears of the sentries were sharp enough to have discovered this without Dick.

He was going the rounds at the time, and noted it for himself.

The Liberty Boys were all aroused without noise or bustle, and were soon ready to meet their wily foes.

Suddenly there came a chorus of fierce yells.

Then there was the sound of hurrying feet.

Then came scattered shots and more yells.

"Make ready!" cried Dick.

There was a clicking sound all along the line.

"Fire!"

Crash—roar!

Out rang a hundred muskets with telling effect.

Then fires blazed up all along the line.

By their light a motly crowd of enemies was seen making ready to attack the camp.

Some were mounted and in a sort of half military dress, some were in homespun of different colors, and some wore buckskin.

There was not a British or Hessian soldier among them.

Those in uniform were Queen's Rangers, American loyalists, some of the rest were cowboys, notorious thieves and outlaws, and the rest were ordinary Tories.

"Fire!" cried Dick.



A rattling pistol volley followed, and the Tories, despite their numbers, felt the shock and wavered.

Then Hand's riflemen, having been aroused by the noise, took a part in the conflict.

They were not all in uniform, but they were all known to each other, and there was no danger of making a mistake.

From behind rocks, trees or bushes the unerring rifles rang out, and many a Tory bit the dust.

There was a continuous rattle of musketry, and the enemy knew not which way to turn.

Rapidly reloading, the Liberty Boys kept up an almost continuous fire upon their motley foe.

Hand's gallant sharpshooters, who had faced the flower of the British army at Long Island, had no fear of the ill-assorted crowd they now faced.

Presently a number of them sought to get to the rear of the enemy and turn their flank.

The rangers, cowboys and Tories had begun to fall back, however, and now they fled like a flock of sheep.

They were pursued by the bullets of the Liberty Boys and of Hand's men, and soon not one of them was to be seen, and, as the light grew stronger, they were found to have fled, leaving their dead and wounded behind.

Later Mark came to Dick and said:

"The prisoner escaped during the fight and nothing has been seen of him."

"He is not among the dead or wounded?"

"No, there is no trace of him."

"Then that is the last we shall see of him, I suppose."

But it was not.

## CHAPTER IV.

### DICK'S ADVENTURE WITH THE HESSIANS.

The dead were buried and the wounded allowed to go, for neither Dick Slater nor Colonel Hand wanted prisoners, and it was no honor to have captured such fellows as their late foes.

The surprise had resulted most disastrously for the Tories, and it was not likely that they would again undertake to attack the Liberty Boys.

Danny had kept out of the way, as he had said he would, but after the fight he came out and said:

"You drove 'em away, didn't you?"

"Yes," said Bob, "and they won't come again."

"Old man Dinks was there. I heard him yelling."

"He would have liked to got hold of you, my boy," said Mark.

"Well, he didn't, and I'm glad you licked 'em. They don't fight like redcoats, though."

"No, they don't," said Dick, with a smile, "but we are not afraid to face the redcoats for all that."

"I know you ain't," with a serious air, "and I'd just like to see you lick 'em every time."

"How long have you been a patriot, Danny?" asked Mark, laughing.

"I donno; ever since I knew anything, I guess."

"Was the old woman, as you call her, a Tory as well as Dinks?"

"Yes, and worse. She used to pray in meetings that the redcoats would lick us. Dinks didn't."

"Earnest, but misguided person," laughed Mark, while the others smiled.

Different scouting parties sent out reported that the Tories had fled and that nothing was to be seen of them anywhere in the neighborhood.

There were Hessians not far distant, however, and Dick determined to go and reconnoiter their position so as to ascertain their numbers and to examine as to the feasibility of an attack.

He set out upon Major and rode at good speed for some distance without seeing anything to arouse his suspicions.

Then he rode more cautiously, not knowing just when he might come upon some of the enemy.

At length, seeing tents in the distance, and, satisfied that they formed part of the enemy's camp, he dismounted, left Major in a thicket back of the road and advanced with great caution.

Leaving the road, he struck into the woods and so made his way toward the camp.

Presently hearing voices, he became more cautious and crept along on his hands and knees.

Creeping from bush to bush and from tree to tree, he shortly came to a little opening where there were a dozen or more Hessians sitting or standing around.

They were talking volubly in German, which Dick did not understand.

He thought, however, if he could get around the glade and to the camp he might learn something.

He was making his way cautiously when he suddenly aroused a ground sparrow upon whose nest he had intruded.

The mother bird flew at him with such ferocity that he was obliged to leap to his feet.

He was instantly discovered and started to retreat, but caught his foot in a trailing vine and fell heavily.

One of his pistols was discharged, making a tremendous noise.

The Hessians rushed upon him, and he was seized before he could regain his feet.

Then they hurried him in triumph to their camp, talking noisily and gesticulating furiously.

Dick could not understand a word that was said, but he comprehended that he was a prisoner without the slightest difficulty.

An officer approached and said in very thick tones:

"Who are you, rebel?"

Dick shook his head.

"Who are you, rebel?" asked the officer again. "You hear me, yes?"

"I am not a rebel," said Dick, "I am a patriot, and who I am makes no difference."

The officer scowled and said something in German to two of the Hessians.

Dick was searched and his pistols taken from him.

Then he was conducted to a tent in the middle of the camp and placed under guard.

A sentry was stationed in front of his tent, marching up and down stolidly and never looking to the right nor to the left.

There was no guard at the rear, owing to the fact that



the tents were arranged in double lines, the rear of each tent on one line coming against that of one on the other.

There might be a sentry on the next company street as there was on his own, and Dick determined to ascertain.

The sun shone in at the opening of his tent, and he closed the flap.

The guard paid no attention to this, but walked up and down as before.

Dick pulled out a peg or two at the back of the tent, crawled under it and into the tent back of him.

There was no one in it, but a dress uniform was hanging up over the bed.

"Those are dreadfully heavy things to put on," he said to himself, "but I suppose I can stand it for once."

He crept back to his own tent and threw himself on the pallet as he heard the guard approach.

An officer pulled aside the flap, looked in, saw Dick lying there, grunted and went away.

"Good!" thought Dick. "That's just the idea I wanted."

He then hurriedly divested himself of his outer clothing and laid each garment in order on the pallet, close to the canvas.

Anyone looking in hastily would in the obscurity take Dick's uniform for himself.

He now crept into the other tent and looked cautiously out.

There was a sentry at the lower end of the company street.

Dick hastily got into the breeches of the Hessian who occupied the tent and sat on the edge of the pallet with his head in his hands.

The sentry passed, but, if he looked in, he made no comment.

Then Dick put on the coat and buttoned it.

The hat and gun were too heavy, and he determined to leave them.

The weather was cool, but he had no desire to burden himself with the heavy accoutrements of a Hessian.

Watching his chances, he waited till the sentry was at the lower end of the street and stepped out.

Then he walked rapidly to the upper end of the street, as if going to see a comrade.

A sentry had just passed, and there was none in the direction he wished to go.

He met an officer, saluted and hurried on.

Fortunately by this time he was near the edge of the camp.

He saw a sentry approaching as he turned into another street.

The man muttered something as Dick passed, but went on.

In a moment more Dick darted between two tents and was in the road.

He hurriedly threw off his heavy coat and ran swiftly on.

Suddenly a sentry challenged him.

Dick fell on his face as the man discharged his piece.

He was up again in an instant and flying at the Hessian.

Over went the soldier, so furious was Dick's assault.

After knocking the man down Dick rushed on, but, knowing the proper direction, he got around to where he had left Major without being discovered.

The camp was in an uproar, drums were beating, bugles were blowing, men were hurrying from all directions, and there was a lot of ceremony and loud talk.

Meantime Dick had jumped upon Major's back and was riding away at full speed.

The boys were greatly astonished to see him come back wearing part of a Hessian uniform.

"Luckily I have another one of my own," he laughed, "but it was either leave that one behind or remain a prisoner."

"And you chose the only sensible course," said Bob.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE FIGHT ON THE BRONX.

Dick had not learned as much as he would have liked to know while he was in the Hessian camp, but he had obtained some information and had to be satisfied with it.

Going to Colonel Hand's quarters, he told what he had learned and said:

"There are something over two hundred of the Hessian chasseurs at East Chester, and I think that if we made a sudden attack we could rout them."

"We will do so, captain, and the sooner the better."

The Hessian camp was near the Bronx river, and there was a good road on the west bank which the boys could take.

Colonel Hand determined to make the attack at once before the Hessians could take the alarm and get away.

Having captured one patriot, they must know that there were others about.

No time was to be lost, therefore.

Dick at once ordered out the Liberty Boys and, mounting, put himself at their head.

Hand and his riflemen marched rapidly on, the Liberty Boys following.

The air was crisp and cool, and greatcoats were a comfort, if not a necessity.

On went the gallant youths and the sturdy riflemen at a good round pace.

The Hessians had already begun preparations for leaving the neighborhood.

They had crossed the river and burned a house on the other side, and were now making ready to march down the river toward the Sound.

As soon as the patriots came in sight of the Hessians they gave a shout and charged.

Dick dismounted his brave boys, and the attack began.

They were not fighting a motley crowd, as before, and there would be more to do.

On swept Dick's plucky boys and Hand's hardy sharpshooters.

The Hessians presented a solid front and made a bold stand.

"Down with them!" cried Dick.



"Liberty forever! Down with the Hessian hirelings!" shouted the boys.

Then they charged with great vigor.

Muskets blazed and pistols cracked, and the Hessians soon found that they had met their match.

They had supposed that the boys were their only opponents, and that they could soon be vanquished.

They found it a hard task to meet the Liberty Boys alone, without counting Hand's riflemen.

The onslaught was too great, and before long, having lost many of their men and fearing capture, they fled, utterly routed.

Some of them took the road and went racing down it at full speed.

There were a number of boats on the river, and toward these many of them now hastened.

The Liberty Boys and the riflemen had been pursuing those who took to the road.

Dick now suddenly discovered the boats on the river.

"To the river!" he shouted. "The Hessians are escaping by the Bronx!"

Then he dashed forward on his splendid black horse.

The Liberty Boys and a score or more of the riflemen followed him.

One or two boats had already been launched and were now on the river.

Others were about to be pushed off.

"After them!" shouted Dick. "Don't let them escape! Seize the boats, smash them if you must!"

A score of the daring lads bounded ahead of Dick toward the boats.

They reached them none too soon.

No ceremony was to be wasted on these foreign invaders.

As Dick came dashing up, one of the boats was seized and the Hessians were tumbled out.

"Throw up your hands!" cried the Liberty Boys.

The other boat pulled away, and Hand's men pursued it along the riverbank.

They kept up a lively fusillade, and the path of the escaping Hessians was beset with difficulties.

One after another fell into the water or was badly wounded.

The rowers were picked off, and the boat drifted down stream.

One boat got away without loss, but the other, although it finally escaped, was exposed to a galling fire along shore.

No more boats were launched, and the captured Hessians were disarmed, to be marched off to the nearest American camp.

The flight of the Hessians would leave this part of Westchester in the hands of the patriots and Howe's progress be still more impeded.

Along the riverbank shots were still ringing out at intervals.

Some of the Liberty Boys had joined Hand's men and were peppering the Hessians.

At last, however, the boats got out of range and the firing ceased.

"We ought to drive every Hessian out of Westchester," declared Bob impetuously.

"Well, the flight of these fellows will put back Howe for a time," declared Mark.

"Then let us keep peppering away at these fellows," exclaimed Ben, "and bother Howe all we can."

"That's just what we have had orders to do, my boy," laughed Harry. "Don't you know what we are up to yet?"

"Humbug!" retorted Ben, with a grin. "Where do you think I've been? Asleep?"

"Well, we awakened the Hessians, anyhow," said Will Freeman.

Having sent the Hessians in full flight down the river, the gallant youths now took their way up toward White Plains, to which Howe was apparently directing his course.

In the afternoon they encountered a detachment of regulars making a hurried march northward, and the Hessians were turned over to them.

Colonel Hand thought it best to keep lower Westchester and the Sound patrolled, and Dick quite agreed with him.

They would proceed along the New Rochelle road, therefore, to Mamaroneck, work along the Sound and make their way up the Sawmill river, taking in an extensive bit of country and harassing the redcoats wherever they could.

The Liberty Boys were in camp, Danny sitting near the fire where Patsy was busy preparing supper, when Ned Knowlton, a quiet, unassuming boy, but as brave as a lion, came up.

"Look out for the boy, Patsy," he said. "The old man, as he calls him, is in camp."

Dick had been sitting in front of his tent a short time before this, when Ned came up and said:

"Ezra Dinks is outside and demands to be admitted to the camp."

"Tell him that I might consider his requests, Ned, but his demands, never."

"I suggested to him that he might put it a little easier, and the lawyer with him thought it was quite reasonable."

"He has a lawyer with him, Ned?"

"I should judge so. He has a face like a fox, is dressed in black and wears a wig, and never looks you straight in the face. If he isn't a lawyer, then I don't know what he is."

"Go and tell these persons that if they request admission, I will think of it."

Before Ned returned Bob and Mark came along, and Dick sent the two Harrys and Ben to look for Danny, but to keep him out of the way until he was sent for.

Shortly afterward Ezra Dinks and the legal-looking person whom Ned had so aptly described came riding up.

"Captain Slater, I have come for my son."

"He is not in the camp, to my knowledge," quietly.

"You know who I mean. Danny is my son. He has been legally adopted now, and I want him."

"Since I saw you?"

"Yes."

"I don't believe it. The law does not work so swiftly as that."

"Whether you believe it or not," growled Dinks, "I am going to have the boy, and I'd like to see you prevent it."

"Then you will be accommodated," said Dick quietly.



## CHAPTER VI.

## FACING ENEMIES OF ALL SORTS.

"My dear young friend," said the companion of Dinks, in an oily tone and rubbing his hands together as if he were washing them, "are you aware that you are proceeding contrary to law in this matter?"

"No," said Dick, shortly.

"But this minor child whom you are detaining is the legal, if not the actual son, of Mr. Dinks, and you are guilty of abduction in keeping him from the aforesaid Dinks."

"How do I know that Danny has been adopted?"

"I tell you so."

"And I don't believe you any more than I believe him," said Dick, bluntly.

"And it is my belief that you are a couple of rascals," added Bob.

"Do you mean to say that we are evil characters?" asked the lawyer.

"You heard what I said. You don't entangle me in any suit for libel."

"Your young friend is very outspoken," the lawyer said, glibly, "but that is not to the point. Do you refuse to give up the said minor child, in spite of the order of the court?"

"I have seen no such order yet."

"But the said minor child has been adopted, and it is your business to produce him upon demand."

"Where are your proofs?" asked Dick. "Where is the copy of the record, regularly attested? Where is the order? I have only your word for it, and I won't take it any more than Dinks's. I will go farther and say that you are a couple of rascals, and defy you to bring suit."

"Hear, hear!" cried Mark. "That's a good straight blow from the shoulder. How are you going to answer it?"

The lawyer turned a sickly yellow, while Dinks flushed crimson.

"You think I don't know the law," continued Dick. "You think you can confuse and frighten me with your legal terms, but you cannot. The boy is here, and he is going to stay here until I take him to a safe place, and you shall not have him until some reputable magistrate declares that you are fit persons to have the custody of him."

Dick's determined stand had its impression on both Dinks and the lawyer.

"How do you know that I have not an order from the court?" the latter asked, in his oily manner.

"I don't. Where is it?"

The other opened his long black coat, felt in his inner pockets and produced a number of legal-looking documents.

He selected one, opened it and began to read, mutteringly:

"Izra Dinks—matter of adoption—minor child, Daniel Manners, so called—said Richard Slater is ordered and commanded—produce said minor—pain of being guilty—contempt of court—therefore ordered to produce—on de-

mand. Hand and seal—this day of—one thousand, seven hundred—etcetera."

Then folding the paper, he said:

"There, my dear young friend, do you still insist on retaining the custody of—"

"I have not seen the paper yet," said Dick.

"But I have read it to you."

"That is not enough. You must give me a copy and show me the signature on the original. Do you think we are babies, we who have fought the flower of the British army? You are a fool as well as a knave if you do."

"Another shoulder hit!" cried Mark, delightedly.

"There has been no copy made," said the lawyer, who had thrust the paper into his pocket and buttoned his coat over it.

"Then, until you comply with these reasonable requirements, the boy remains with me, or with others who will take good care of him."

"His life is exposed to every peril in a military camp, and I protest—" began Dinks.

"Make yourself easy on that point, Mr. Dinks. The boy is in no danger whatever."

"But surely," said the lawyer, "the word of a regularly licensed practitioner is certainly of some weight?"

"Not without corroborative evidence. Understand me, once for all. I tell you and Ezra Dinks that you are a couple of rascals, that I would not believe you on your oaths, and that I must have well substantiated proofs before I deliver this boy Danny Manners into the custody of either of you."

"Then you defy the direct order of the court?" gasped the lawyer.

"No, and I have not received it. Do you think I recognize your mummery as authoritative?"

"I will produce the copy and serve it on you in due form," in oily tones. "I had thought that my simple word would—"

"Isn't worth a brass button," laughed Bob.

"Escort these persons from the camp," said Dick. "This is simply nonsense, and I have had too much of it."

Dinks and the lawyer mounted their horses.

"You will hear from me again, captain," growled Dinks.

"You will not be so impudent when you find yourself in contempt of—"

"The interview is finished," said Dick, rising.

The Liberty Boys hustled the two visitors out of the camp, and matters resumed their ordinary course.

"The oily old rascal never had an order from the court," said Bob.

"Of course not," added Mark. "We were not deceived by his mutterings, and he did not know at all what to make of it."

That night they made a rapid march toward the Sound.

The next day they arrived at Mamaroneck.

Here they learned of the presence of the Queens Rangers, a body of American loyalists under the command of one Colonel Rogers, who had been a ranger during the French and Indian wars.

They determined to attack them at once and drive them off the Sound.



Hand's riflemen and Dick Slater's Liberty Boys at once prepared to fall upon the enemy.

The latter wore a uniform of green with white facings, and were readily distinguishable even in the woods.

No time was lost in making an attack.

The Liberty Boys had already had an encounter with a detachment of the Queen's Rangers, and were quite ready to meet the entire body.

On dashed the brave boys and their allies and hurled themselves upon the enemy without warning.

The rangers rallied and tried to drive back their impetuous young foes who were in the lead.

Dick led on his gallant boys with such vim, however, that there was no resisting them.

They were well supported by Hand and his riflemen, and the Rangers were speedily routed.

Nearly a hundred prisoners were taken or killed, and sixty stands of arms and a goodly supply of provisions and clothing fell into the hands of the patriots.

Colonel Rogers escaped, and the rangers were afterward commanded by Major Simcoe, of the British regulars, who brought them under much better discipline and made a strong, independent body of them.

In after years Dick Slater and his brave boys met them and never failed to inflict punishment upon them as they had done at Mamaroneck.

Having driven away the rangers, the Liberty Boys and the riflemen now set off up the Sound to follow out the plans already arranged.

Danny had been in a safe place during the fight, although he had become greatly excited during its continuance, and had wanted to come and watch it, even if he could not participate in it.

"You'll have to wait a few years, Danny," said Bob, "and then, if the war is not over, you can be one of us, if you grow fast enough."

"Ira is no bigger than I am," said Danny.

"No, but he is older."

"Well, perhaps I can help Captain Slater even if I don't fight," said Danny.

"Perhaps you can," replied Bob, with a smile, never guessing how the boy was to do it.

## CHAPTER VII.

### WHAT DANNY DID.

The day after the routing of the Queen's Rangers the Liberty Boys were resting in a temporary camp.

Dick was in his tent when Harry Thurber came up and said:

"There's a strange man to see you, Dick. It strikes me we've seen him before."

"It isn't Dinks, is it, Harry?"

"No, nor the lawyer."

"What does he want?"

"He says he has information to give you."

"I'll go and see him."

Danny was sitting in front of the tent, and when Dick went out the boy followed.

At the edge of the camp Dick saw the stranger.

He at once recognized him as the insane man who had been a prisoner, but had escaped at the time of the attack of the Tories.

"What do you want?" Dick asked.

"I have most important information to communicate to you, captain."

"Very well, sir. What is it?"

"Oh, but I can't tell you with so many around. This must be told in secret."

"I have no secrets from the Liberty Boys," said Dick.

At the same moment he shot a swift glance at the man's eyes.

They were not directed toward him, and the man was working his fingers nervously.

He seemed outwardly sane, but there was no knowing when he might lose control of himself.

"But this is most important," the other said.

"If it is important to me, it is of importance to the Liberty Boys," said Dick.

The stranger suddenly looked at Danny.

"What boy is that?" he asked.

"He is a boy in my charge," said Dick, simply.

The stranger advanced in a mysterious way and whispered:

"Come with me and I will tell you something which is of the utmost importance to the nation. Sh! don't tell a——"

He was still advancing with a most mysterious manner when Danny suddenly threw himself violently against him.

"Look out for him, captain, he's got a knife," said the boy.

The stranger was nearly overturned, and then a knife fell to the ground.

Danny leaped forward, picked it up, dove between the man's legs and escaped.

The stranger, whose eyes had been growing wilder every moment, suddenly dashed away in the woods.

"I saw what he was up to," said Danny. "I knew he was going to do something, and I saw the knife sticking out of his pocket."

"Do you think he was going to use the knife on me, Danny?"

"Yes, I do. I saw the way his hands were moving."

"I noticed that, too, and I was watching him. I am grateful to you for your care of me, Danny."

"I wasn't going to let him stick a knife into you, captain," said the boy, "and that's what he was looking for. He didn't want to tell you anything."

"You think not?"

"No. He's crazy, but he isn't so crazy that he doesn't know what a knife is."

"I think he does, and I am glad to see that you are so watchful."

"I'm not going to let anyone hurt you while I'm around, captain," said Danny, seriously.

"Thank you, my boy."

"I didn't like that man, and I watched him. What did he want to talk about me for?"

"He was interested, I suppose."



"No, he wasn't. He wanted to get your attention and then jump in upon you with that knife."

"You think so?"

"Surely I do. He would have drawn it in another moment."

"Well, I am very much obliged to you, Danny, for your care of me," said Dick, with a smile.

He had noticed the stranger's queer actions, and was suspicious of them.

He could have disarmed the maniac in an instant, but he was greatly pleased at Danny's watchfulness, and saw that the boy was unusually quick.

"That's all right, captain," Danny said. "You've taken care of me, and I'm going to take care of you."

"If the man returns at any time," said Dick, "warn him away. He is not sane, and is dangerous at times."

When Dick returned to his tent, Bob said:

"Was there any danger, Dick?"

"Yes, the man was becoming violent, and would have stabbed me if he could."

"But you knew this?"

"Yes, I was watching him."

"But it was thoughtful of the boy to keep a watch."

"Yes, and shows that he takes notice."

"The fellow has a mania for killing."

"Exactly. Danny did not know this, but the man aroused his suspicions."

"Why did the man speak of him?"

"I don't know."

"Was it to take off your attention, do you think?"

"No, I think not. It may have been a mere notion. I don't think, however, that it was to divert my attention."

The matter was then dropped, the Liberty Boys being warned not to admit the man nor to talk to him, and to send him away whenever he appeared.

"You've got one good friend, at any rate, Dick," said Bob, "and the little fellow said that perhaps he could help you."

"He is certainly willing, Bob."

They went on the march again shortly afterward, Danny riding beside Ira.

They went up the Sound a number of miles at a rapid rate, and at length caught sight of some of the enemy's ships approaching.

"There's a chance to do something, Dick," said Bob.

"Yes, but they must not see us. They may be going to anchor here."

"And we don't want to frighten them away."

"No, not until we can get a shot at the redcoats."

They continued cautiously, keeping among the trees so as not to be seen.

The ships presently anchored, and a number of boats were lowered.

Dick sent back one of the Liberty Boys to hasten the coming of Hand's men, who were somewhat in the rear.

The boys approached as near as they could without being seen.

Quite a party of redcoats was landed, and then the boats returned for more.

When they were halfway between the ships and the shore, Dick gave the word.

Then the Liberty Boys came suddenly dashing out from the shelter of the trees.

It was an unfrequented spot, and the enemy had evidently expected to land a good force before being discovered.

Those already on shore began to form in line of battle to resist the plucky boys.

"Down with them!" shouted Dick. "Drive them into the Sound!"

"Liberty forever! Away with the redcoats!" roared the undaunted fellows. "Into the Sound with them!"

Then down they swept upon the redcoats, who had meant to meet them with the bayonet.

The suddenness of the charge prevented them from forming a square, and many of them began to fall back.

Then they opened fire upon the boys, some of whom were wounded.

"Fire!" cried Dick.

At once a tremendous volley rang out, and the redcoats wavered.

Then those who had fallen back were rallied.

The boats made all haste to reach the ships so as to take more men ashore, and more were lowered.

All at once a score or more rushed at Dick, and one big fellow tried to drag him from his horse.

Dick slashed at him with his sword and failed to see one rushing up on the other side.

All at once a shot rang out, and the redcoat uttered a yell and fell with a bad scalp wound.

"Here, you little rascal, come back!" shouted Ira.

Danny, who was supposed to be in the rear, had dashed forward.

It was he who had fired and wounded the big redcoat.

A dozen Liberty Boys galloped to Dick's assistance, and Danny was sent to the rear.

"I did something, anyhow," he said, "and I said I'd take care of the captain."

"So you did," laughed Ben Spurlock, "and you're a young hero."

More redcoats were coming, and those already on shore gained heart and began to attack the Liberty Boys.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A LIVELY BRUSH WITH REDCOATS.

The brave boys stood firm and received the attack of the redcoats unflinchingly.

More were coming, but so were Hand's riflemen, who would hasten as soon as they heard the sound of firing.

"Stand your ground, boys," said Dick. "Down with the redcoats!"

The boys stood firm, and, as the redcoats came on, fired a rattling pistol volley.

Time after time the redcoats tried to force them back without success.

More redcoats were coming, but Dick held his own, and even forced back those opposed to him.

Then more redcoats landed and came dashing toward the brave youths, expecting to rout them.



Instead of doing so, however, they suddenly found the daring lads reinforced by Hand's riflemen, who poured a scathing volley upon the too confident redcoats.

"Charge!" cried Dick, and the gallant boys and their allies rushed upon the enemy.

The expert riflemen began picking off the redcoats so rapidly that they presently fell back.

The Liberty Boys and Hand's men pursued them to the boats and made lively times for them.

The boats were overloaded, and those who could not get in were either forced to swim or fled along shore in great haste.

The noise of the firing had aroused the people of the countryside, and they came running to the shore from all sides.

Some had rifles or shotguns, some had old muskets and pistols, and many had scythes, pitchforks and other farming implements.

Those who could not get into the boats were pursued by the angry country people, some being captured, and some hiding in the woods until they could signal to the ships and be picked up.

The attack was a dismal failure, and it was likely that observations would be taken before the next was attempted.

The boys cheered heartily when the boats drew out from shore.

The riflemen did more than that, for they continued to pick off redcoats till the boats were out of range.

"A few more experiences of this sort will make Howe still more cautious," said Dick, drily.

"And serve him right, too, for being here," sputtered Bob. "Let the redcoats stay at home, and they won't get in trouble."

"They certainly don't find it so easy to subdue the country as they supposed, at any rate," observed Mark.

"They never will subdue it, Mark," said Dick, gravely.

"Not while there's a man or a boy left to fight," answered Mark.

The boys watched the boats return to the ships, which at last weighed anchor and went up the Sound.

"We must keep a watch on them," said Dick, "and prevent their sending anyone ashore."

"They may return to New York," observed Bob.

"In that case we will not pursue them, but follow out our original plan."

They followed the ships till at last they saw that the vessels were evidently proceeding to Hell Gate.

Then they set off upon their original course as planned, taking a needed rest near nightfall.

Leaving the boys making camp, Dick set out to reconnoiter.

He had not gone very far when he heard someone coming after him.

Turning, he saw that it was Danny.

"Where are you going, my boy?" he asked.

"Oh, just 'long the road a little bit," Danny said.

"Well, be careful you don't get lost."

"All right, I'll look out," and Danny struck into the woods.

Proceeding some distance farther, he was passing under

a tree whose branches reached out well across the road and hung low.

All of a sudden a noose fell over his head and shoulders and was suddenly drawn tight.

Before Dick could loosen it a man dropped from the tree with the other end of the rope in his hand.

He pulled upon this so hard as to nearly lift Dick from his feet.

Then he quickly wound the rope about Dick's arms and legs so as to make him helpless.

Dick caught a look of his face, and at once recognized him as the insane man whom he had met before.

The man laughed and, having secured Dick hand and foot, made the end of the rope fast to the tree.

"Now I am going to kill you," he said. "I have been waiting for someone to kill."

"Why do you take me?" asked Dick. "Why don't you take a redcoat or a Tory?"

"You are the first one, and I made a vow to kill the first one who came along."

Dick looked at the man and saw that he was plainly insane and that his mania was increasing.

It was clearly useless to reason with a man like this.

"How are you going to do it?" he asked.

"With a knife," the man answered. "That makes no noise."

"But you can't cut through all this heavy rope. You will have to loosen it first."

The man laughed and then drew out a long, keen-bladed knife and approached Dick, laughing and chattering.

As he came nearer, till he almost touched Dick with the knife, a boyish figure suddenly sprang out from among the trees.

It was Danny.

Snatching the knife from the maniac's hands, Danny began cutting at the rope.

He thrust the point of the knife between Dick's body and the rope and cut out.

"No, you don't!" he said to the man, who tried to seize him. "I'm doing this, and I'll stick the knife into you if you touch me."

Then he cut between Dick's ankles and under his arms, and soon had so many parts cut that Dick could help himself.

The man stood looking at him, making no attempt to stop him now.

Instead, his expression seemed to soften and tears appeared in his eyes.

Danny kept out of his way and worked busily, but now Dick freed one hand and took the knife from him.

"I can work faster, Danny," he said, and in a few minutes he was free.

"Come with me, boy," said the man kindly.

"No, sir!" answered Danny, drawing back. "You don't get hold of me."

"I won't hurt you; I want to talk to you."

"What do you want to talk about?" asked Dick. "You can tell me. I am looking out for the boy."

"He is not your brother?" and the man had now lost his fierce look.

"No, but he is in my care."



"Who is he, what is his name? I lost my own boy, and this one reminds me of him. What is your name, my boy?"

"I won't tell you," said Danny fiercely. "I won't trust you. You wanted to kill the captain, and you'll want to kill me next."

"No, I will not harm you," the man said kindly, advancing.

"You stay where you are or I'll shoot!" cried Danny, drawing a pistol. "Don't you let him touch me, captain."

"I won't," said Dick. "You cannot have the boy. He is afraid of you, and I would not trust you myself."

"Why does he fear me?" the man asked, seeming to be now perfectly sane.

"Because you tried to injure me."

"I? Why, my dear sir, I would not harm a hair of your head. I am fond of children, of little boys, of youths, of all young manhood. I will take this boy and give him the best in the land. I am rich and can indulge his every fancy."

Dick was greatly puzzled.

The man now showed no signs of insanity, and Dick couldn't tell what had brought about the change.

He looked him fixedly in the face, but could see no such look as he had seen there before.

"What is your name?" he asked. "Where do you live?"

"My name is——"

At that moment Dick heard the sound of horses.

Then Danny shouted:

"Look out, captain, the redcoats are coming!"

They appeared in sight at that very minute, and Dick, catching up Danny, dashed into the woods.

## CHAPTER IX.

### A NIGHT SURPRISE.

The redcoats could not follow Dick, but they sent a shower of bullets flying after him.

He speedily put the trees between him and his foes and escaped unhurt.

Putting Danny down, Dick took his hand and hurried on.

"If those fellows keep on they'll run into the Liberty Boys," said the boy.

"They'll run out again if they do," laughed Dick. "There are not very many of them."

The redcoats went dashing along the road, evidently with the intention of keeping Dick out of it.

They fired a few more shots, which Dick did not return, deeming it needless.

"They'll wake up the Liberty Boys and fetch 'em down here in a minute," Danny said.

"I would not be surprised if they did," with a smile. This was just what happened.

All of a sudden there was the sound of hurrying horses coming along the road.

Then came ringing cheers, and Bob's voice was heard clear and distinct, shouting:

"Give it to 'em, Liberty Boys! Fire! Down with 'em!" Then shots rang out, and there were more shouts.

In a few minutes the redcoats came galloping back over the road they had lately traveled.

"Give it to 'em, boys!" shouted Bob. "Away with the redcoats!"

There was a rattling pistol volley, and Dick hastened toward the road, shouting:

"Hallo, Bob! It's all right. Let them go."

Hurrying on, he soon was seen by the Liberty Boys, who had halted on hearing his voice.

"Did you meet the redcoats?" asked Bob.

"Yes, but we had an adventure before that."

"With whom?"

"The insane man. Danny helped me out of what might have been a bad scrape."

"Good for Danny!" cried Bob. "We'll make a Liberty Boy of him yet."

"Yes, I believe we will, if the war lasts long enough."

"I'm going to grow," said Danny, "so I can join in a year or two. Do you think the war will last that long?"

"There's no telling, my boy," said Bob. "It will last until we get our independence, I can tell you that."

The Liberty Boys had heard the sound of firing, and Bob had at once taken a score or more with him, instructing Mark to bring up the rest if the firing continued.

Dick told what had happened as they rode back.

Reaching the camp, they found the brave fellows wanting to go to the rescue.

"We didn't hear much firing," said Mark, "and so we did not go on. There wasn't much of a fight, was there?"

"There wasn't any," laughed Bob. "They turned and fled as soon as they saw us."

"Redcoats or rangers?"

"Redcoats, and not very many of 'em."

"Are they likely to bother us?"

"I think not," said Dick. "It is dusk now, and they will probably hasten back to their camp, wherever it is."

"Could we attack them some time in the night, do you think?" Mark asked.

"Not a bad idea. I will think of it."

The fires were lighted, for the nights were chilly now, and Patsy got supper.

After supper, when it was quite dark, Dick set out on Major, accompanied by Mark, who rode a big gray, Ben Spurlock and the two Harrys.

They rode at an easy gait, and after going some little distance past the place where Dick had seen the redcoats, they saw campfires in the distance.

"There they are," said Ben. "That was a scouting party that we met, no doubt."

"I shouldn't wonder," observed Mark.

They proceeded some little distance, and then Dick said:

"Wait here, boys, and I will go on and see if I can tell how many there are of them."

Dismounting, he went ahead rapidly, and, eluding the pickets, stole quite close to the camp.

It was a camp of Hessians instead of British, however. The detachment he had seen earlier in the evening must have gone in another direction.

"Hessians or redcoats, it's all one," Dick said to him-



self. "We have got to rout them all, and so it makes little difference which we meet first."

The Hessians were amusing themselves as though there were no enemy within a hundred miles.

"We'll change their tune," was Dick's thought, as he slipped past the pickets and went back to where he had left the boys.

"They're Hessians," he said, "quite a large party of them, but, with our own force and that of the riflemen, I think we ought to rout them."

"We'll try, anyhow," said Harry Thurber. "I like nothing better than putting Hessians to flight."

Dick rode back and informed Colonel Hand of the presence of the Hessians.

"We'll rout them, captain," said Hand. "Wait till they get fast asleep and we'll fall upon them and drive them out."

The Liberty Boys were greatly pleased when they knew they were going to engage the Hessians.

Some of them wanted to go on at once, but Dick thought it best to wait.

"We must make the surprise as complete as possible," he said. "If we can capture stores, arms and ammunition, it will be all the better, for we need them."

The Liberty Boys were always ready to do as Dick said, however, and there were no complaints at having to wait.

At midnight the Liberty Boys and Hand's riflemen left their camp and moved rapidly along the road.

The night was not dark, and the boys were accustomed to marching at all times.

The road was good, and they made good progress, moving silently as well as swiftly.

The fires had burned low when they came in sight of the camp and all was silent.

Suddenly, without a word of warning, they burst upon the astonished pickets and drove them in with loud shouts.

The camp was quickly aroused, but all was confusion in a moment.

Officers, half dressed, came rushing from their tents, talking very volubly in German and endeavoring to rally the startled soldiers.

Right into the camp burst the gallant boys and their brave allies, starting up the fires, overturning tents and causing a general panic.

The riflemen began firing right and left, but the Liberty Boys waited for the word from Dick.

The Hessians rallied and rushed in a body toward the quarter where the Liberty Boys were massed.

They opened fire upon the brave boys and then Dick answered it.

"Fire!" he shouted in clear, ringing tones, heard above the din.

In an instant the daring fellows answered.

Crash—roar!

There was a perfect blaze of flame as the one hundred muskets rang out.

"Charge!" cried Dick.

The Hessians were at once put to flight.

Leaving their tents, army stores and everything behind them, they dashed into the woods, seeking the nearest road.

The riflemen followed, sending volley after volley after them.

They pursued the terrified Hessians a full mile in the darkness, often firing at random, but seldom failing to hit the mark.

The Liberty Boys did not pursue the enemy far, but seized upon the camp equipage and stores, much of which was valuable.

There was a just division of the spoils, for the Liberty Boys were not looters and only took what was necessary in carrying on the fight.

It was their ringing volley and furious charge that had put the Hessians to flight and their allies knew it.

In the morning, after dividing the spoils, the allied forces took their way toward the Sawmill river.

"A few more such surprises," said Bob, "and Howe will mass his men and not leave them scattered over the country."

"Very true," answered Dick, "and we must be prepared to meet them with a stubborn resistance."

"And thrash them in spite of it," said Bob.

## CHAPTER X.

### A MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR.

When the Liberty Boys were resting late that afternoon, two men rode up to the camp.

They were Dinks and the lawyer.

Harry Thurber was on guard, and knew the men in a moment.

"What do you want?" he asked, as they dismounted.

"We want to see Captain Slater," said Dinks.

"He gave orders that you were not to be admitted. You are Tories and not to be trusted."

"Is the boy Danny in camp yet?"

"You can get no information from me," shortly.

"Well, you tell Captain Dick Slater for me that unless——"

"I am not authorized to take any messages."

"That boy is mine, and I'm going to have him sooner or later."

"We have nothing to say to you, and as you are a Tory, your presence here is not desired. You will leave the camp at once."

Danny had been strolling outside the camp without Harry's knowledge.

He now came along, not knowing that Dinks and the lawyer were there.

Before Harry could warn him, Dinks rushed upon him, threw him on the horse, sprang up himself and dashed off.

The lawyer at once followed.

Harry gave an instant alarm.

Several of the Liberty Boys came running up, greatly excited.

"That Tory has run away with Danny!" cried Harry. "Go after him!"

Half a dozen of the boys at once put after the run-aways, some on foot and some on horseback.



One of the boys ran and notified Dick.

He and Bob speedily set off on their horses after the Tory.

The other boys had followed the trail for a time and then the two fugitives had separated.

Dick sent the boys off on one road, while he and Bob took the other.

Riding on rapidly, Dick at length halted.

"What is it, Dick?" asked Bob.

"The fellow has sent his horse ahead and taken to the woods."

"Say you so?"

"Yes, you can see here where he has gone in," dismounting.

"Yes, so he has," declared Bob, getting off his horse and following Dick.

"We will leave our horses here and follow. The woods are too thick to take the horses in."

"Very true."

Leaving the horses in a secure place where they would not be seen and run away with, Dick and Bob now took up the trail.

They followed it easily, and now and then could see Danny's footprints.

The man had evidently carried him at first and had then set him down.

"He's too big to carry," said Dick, "and he may have struggled."

"Where does the trail lead to?" Bob asked.

"Toward the river."

"Is there a house or other shelter that you know of?"

"No."

"Where could he hide him, then?"

"I don't know. He may think that he has thrown us off the scent."

"That's a pretty hard thing to do," with a laugh.

"Very true."

They hurried on, the trail being quite plain, but at length Dick said:

"I don't quite understand this, Bob."

"What's that?"

"Don't you see two sets of tracks besides the boy's?"

"Why, yes, so I do. Whose can they be? Has the other fellow joined the Tory?"

"No, I think not. We would hear the boys if he had."

They hurried on and shortly came in sight of the river, the tracks running alongside it for some little distance. Then they saw a dilapidated-looking house standing among the trees.

Suddenly Dick touched Bob on the arm and pointed ahead.

A man had suddenly arisen and was moving rapidly toward the house.

It was the insane man who had said that Danny reminded him of his own boy.

"What is that fellow doing here?" asked Bob.

"I don't know. Come!"

They ran toward the little old house in which the stranger had disappeared.

As they reached it they heard angry voices and then a sound as of someone falling, and then a scream.

"Hurry!" cried Dick.

He and Bob dashed into the house just in time to see the stranger dash out of it by another door.

He had Danny in his arms and was running swiftly.

"After him, Bob!" cried Dick.

Then he turned to Dinks, who was lying on the floor.

The man got up and muttered:

"That man is insane; he will kill the boy if you do not catch him."

"Who is he, and what has he got to do with Danny?"

"He's called Crazy Joe. He kills boys and men, too, sometimes. He used to be locked up, and he ought to be now."

"You let him take the boy, knowing that we were in pursuit."

"I did not; I could not help myself; he is stronger than I am."

"You knew we were pursuing you, because you and the lawyer separated."

"I did not give the boy to the crazy man. He took him away."

"What has he to do with him?"

"Nothing. He is insane. He likes to torture and kill children. That is his madness."

"How do you know this?"

"He was in the almshouse where I got Danny."

"They don't put insane persons in the almshouse."

"Well, they put him there. Make haste or you will lose him," and then Dinks ran out, but did not take the direction taken by the insane man and Bob.

Dick followed Bob's trail, which was quite plain.

It led along the river a short distance and then into the thick woods.

Dick hurried on, and in a short time heard Bob calling.

"Hallo, Dick!"

"Hallo!"

"Come on, I've treed him."

"Good!"

Hastening on, Dick at length came to a hole among the rocks where he found Bob.

"He went in there."

"Is there another way out?"

"I don't know."

"Hark!" said Dick.

There was a scrambling sound in the cave, and then the insane man came out.

He did not look insane now, but Dick was not sure that his mania might not come on at any time.

"Where is Danny?" asked Dick.

"In the cave. I took him away from Dinks. That man is a rascal. Quirk, the lawyer, is another. They have tried to keep the boy from me, but they shall not. He is mine, and I am going to keep him."

"Yours?"

"Yes, mine. The boy is Daniel Manners, my son. I am Joseph Manners, his father."

"How did Dinks get hold of him, then? Why was he in the almshouse?"

"He was not," and the man's eyes began to take on a strange look.

Dick gave Bob a swift signal.

"But Dinks said he was," continued Dick, as Bob entered the narrow entrance of the cave.



"He was not. Wicked men put me in a prison, and the boy was there."

"Where is his mother?"

"Dead, since he was a baby," and the man's eyes grew fixed and glassy.

Bob came out with the boy in his arms.

He had swooned, but now the fresh, cool air revived him.

"Give me my boy, my Danny," cried the man.

"Go away!" cried Danny, getting on his feet. "Go away—you scare me."

"This man says he is your father, Danny," said Dick.

"I don't care if he is, I won't stay with him!" cried the boy. "Ezra Dinks licks me, but this man—I'm scared of him!" and Danny tore off into the woods.

Bob pursued him, crying:

"Hallo, come back, we won't let him have you; come back, my boy."

Manners would have followed the boy, but Dick held him back.

"Why is the boy afraid of you?" he asked. "What have you done to him?"

"Nothing; he is my son, and I love him, but Dinks and Quirk want to get him away from me. They are scoundrels. Let me go; I must find him."

Then, as a wilder look came into his face, he exerted a strength far superior to Dick's, and, throwing the latter from him as if he had been a mere infant, rushed off after Bob and the boy.

## CHAPTER XI.

### WHAT BEN LEARNED.

Dick quickly recovered himself and sped after the madman.

There was a mystery here which he could not fathom.

If Danny knew his father, why should he fear the man?

If Danny's father was alive, why had he been in an almshouse?

How were Dinks and Quirk interested in the case, and how had the former got possession of the boy in the first place?

All these were questions which greatly puzzled Dick.

Just now, however, the boy was in danger and must be overtaken.

He might be lost or fall in the river, and something must be done to keep the insane man from him.

If his homicidal mania came on now, he might kill the boy before they could prevent it.

"Hold on, Danny, it's all right," shouted Bob. "We won't let him hurt you."

"Look out for Manners, Bob!" shouted Dick.

Then he dashed on, being as fleet of foot as the madman, if not as strong.

He overtook the man at length and passed him, hurrying on after Bob.

Meanwhile Ben and the two Harrys had been pursuing Quirk, the lawyer.

They did not know that it was he, of course.

The two fugitives had separated, and the boys had gone after one of them.

They were mounted and rode rapidly.

At last they came in sight of Quirk, riding at an easy gait.

They hailed him rather peremptorily, and he halted.

"What is your business with me, young gentlemen?" he said, in his oily manner, as the boys came up.

"Where is Dinks?" they asked.

"I really cannot tell you, my vision being restricted."

"You mean you won't?" asked Ben.

"I mean I cannot. He is not with me, as you can see."

"Where did he go?"

"He took another road."

"In order to deceive us."

"Possibly. He wishes to retain the custody of his son, naturally."

"Danny is not his son."

"By adoption."

"No, nor by adoption. What evil scheme are you two up to? That insane man looked at Danny very sharply a few days ago, and was about to tell Dick something when the redcoats surprised us. Who is he?"

"I don't know every insane person in the country, my dear young sir," with a crafty look.

"Of course not, but you know this one? Who is he? Danny's father? Some relation of his?"

Now this was merely a shrewd guess on Ben's part, for until that moment he had not thought of the man in that connection.

He noticed Quirk change color perceptibly, and knew that he had guessed aright.

"He's the boy's father, is he? You two scoundrels have been hiding him for some reason. What is it?"

"Mr. Dinks is the boy's legal protector, and——"

"He is not, neither legal or otherwise. If so, why did the boy run away?"

"A mere whim. Boys often take them."

"It was not. He had a good reason. Dinks beat him."

"Has not a father a right to correct a wayward son?" and Quirk was more oily than ever.

"Not to excess. There is something else. What is it?"

"I do not grasp your meaning," rubbing his hands together.

"Yes, you do. Why have you two sought to get possession of the boy?"

"Because Mr. Dinks is his proper and legal guardian."

"He is not, and that is not the reason. What rascally scheme are you two working on?"

"You are not very complimentary, young sir," deprecatingly.

"Arrest him, Ben," said Harry Thurber. "He is a spy; he has loitered about our camp so as to give information to the enemy."

Quirk turned pale and muttered:

"I take no part whatever in this conflict. I am a subject of the king, to be sure, but——"

"But I will arrest you on suspicion if you do not tell me what you two scoundrels are up to in regard to this boy," said Ben.

"We wish to obtain custody of him. There is nothing scoundrelly in that."



"But he has a father."

"Who is not a fit person to have charge of him. He has a mania for homicide. The boy is not safe in his possession."

The fact that the man was Danny's father was news to Ben.

He knew of the man's mania, of course, but guessed that there was another reason for Dinks's desire to keep Danny.

"Can the man not be confined?" he asked.

"He has been. He appears perfectly sane at times, and he has been released at one of those periods, contrary to our orders."

"All this may be true," said Ben. "At all events, the man is at large. There is some scheme to keep possession of the boy. What is it?"

"The scheme is merely to protect him from his father. I know of no other, and now, if you will permit me to go on my way, I shall be greatly obliged."

The man was crafty, Ben knew, and he wondered how he could get the best of the fellow.

He was certain that the lawyer and Dinks had some scheme and was determined to learn what it was.

"This is mere subterfuge," he said. "If you don't tell me what your scheme is, I'll have you hanged as a spy."

Quirk turned pale, trembled violently, and seemed about to say something when there came the sudden sound of horses galloping along the road.

The rascally lawyer at once put spurs to his horse, crying:

"Rebels, rebels, catch the rebels!"

The boys were about to dash after him when they caught the gleam of scarlet uniforms.

"Away with you, boys!" gasped Ben. "There's no time to lose!"

There was a large number of the redcoats, and the three boys would be no match for them.

They quickly wheeled their horses and dashed away.

After them flew the redcoats, sending a volley whistling over their heads and about their ears.

Harry Thurber had his hat shot off, and turned and fired a shot at the redcoats, disabling one of them.

Then the three boys rode away as fast as they could and escaped.

The enemy did not pursue them any distance, evidently fearing to fall into a trap.

The boys failed to hear the sounds of pursuit at length, and went on at a more leisurely gait.

"If those rascally redcoats had not come along just then, I would have found out something," sputtered Ben.

"To be sure," replied Harry Judson, "but we learned something, anyhow."

"Yes, and I would have learned the rest. I wish those meddling British would mind their own business!"

The two Harrys laughed at Ben's earnestness, and Harry Thurber said:

"Yes, it is too bad, but I don't know what we are going to do about it."

"Neither do I. We know something, but not all. Those two fellows have got some rascally scheme on hand. I believe they would have succeeded if Dinks had not beaten the boy."

"Very likely. They need him, however, or they would let him go."

"Yes, of course. It may be a matter of money, a fortune that they want to get hold of."

"Very likely; and Dinks won't get much of it, not if that rascally lawyer has the handling of it."

"Indeed he won't," said both the others, with a laugh.

They at length reached the camp, where Mark and the other Liberty Boys were eager to know what had happened.

Ben told his part of the story, adding that he had seen nothing of Dick and Bob since they had separated.

"Then you didn't see Danny?" asked Mark.

"No; but I suppose Dick did. The two men separated so as to puzzle us, no doubt."

"But don't they suppose we send more than one person on a pursuit of that sort?"

"Maybe not," with a laugh.

An hour later Dick and Bob returned, Danny riding in front of Dick.

The boys all gave a cheer, and Danny received a lot of attention.

"I came back, boys," he said. "The captain would not let them fellows run away with me."

"We caught up with the rascally lawyer," said Ben, "and learned something very strange."

"So did we," said Dick.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE FIGHT AT WHITE PLAINS.

Bob had succeeded in stopping Danny, and then Dick had come up, and the two had taken the boy with them, making a detour and eluding Manners.

Ben was quite astonished to discover that Dick had learned just what he had heard.

"Then we don't any of us know what the design of these two rascals is," he said.

"No," was Dick's reply, "but as you suggest, I think it concerns money."

"Then we'll have to get hold of Dinks or Quirk and make them tell what they know," declared Bob.

"Very true," agreed Dick.

As Ben had seen redcoats, and as it was likely they were still about, the Liberty Boys now set off to find them.

Just before sunset they came upon a British camp and at once attacked it.

The redcoats were taken by surprise, but tried to rally.

While some were hurrying away with the baggage, others stood up against the brave boys and tried to keep them back.

The plucky fellows bore down solidly upon them, however, and forced them to retreat.

Then Hand's riflemen came up, and the rout was complete.

Much of the camp equipage was left behind, and many stands of arms and a goodly supply of ammunition were captured.



It was nearly dark by the time the enemy fled, and so Dick made his camp where the enemy had had theirs.

"Shure an' it wor koind av dhim to l'ave enuff for our supper," said Patsy.

"Dey don'd was t'ought aboudid you at all, I bet me," laughed Carl.

"Go'n wid yez, Cookyspiller. Shure dhe ridcoats do be thinkin' av us all dhe toime."

"Humbug!"

"An' thryin' to get out av our way, be dhe same token."

"Ach, dot was deerferent."

"Well, an' don't dhat make dhim think av us, I donno?"

"Yah, I bet me dot was make dem t'ought aboudid us, but dey don'd was t'ought aboudid you, choost der same."

"Shure dhey do, an' about yersilf, too."

"What dey was t'ought aboudid me?"

"Dhat yez wud make a good pilly for dheir kids, yez do be dhat soft an' plump."

"Humbug!" said Carl, as all the boys laughed.

The boys kept a sharp lookout for the enemy that night, but none were seen, and it was thought likely that they were hurrying toward White Plains or some other point of attack.

In the morning the Liberty Boys moved forward rapidly.

Dick and a score of the boys formed an advance guard, the others following in solid column.

They were making good progress, when Dick suddenly paused and said to Bob at his side:

"There are troops in the neighborhood. I am not certain if we will met them, but we may have to hurry on and avoid them."

"You mean that they are advancing toward the same point that we are?"

"Yes. Hurry back and bring up the main body of the Liberty Boys."

Then Dick rode ahead rapidly but cautiously.

Presently looking out across country from a bit of rising ground, he saw a detachment of redcoats coming along an intersecting road down which he meant to turn.

By making a dash the plucky youths might make the cross roads first.

Riding back, he met the Liberty Boys and said:

"Forward, boys! We must reach the cross roads ahead of the enemy."

Then on they rode at full speed, fairly thundering down the hill.

The redcoats caught sight of them and halted to form in line of battle, thinking they were going to be attacked.

This delay was an advantage to the Liberty Boys, who did not let it slip.

Reaching the road, they turned and rode off at a gallop, firing a volley as they wheeled.

The redcoats, seeing that they had been fooled, set out after them at a hot pace.

The Liberty Boys rode on at a tremendous pace, throwing up a cloud of dust which quite hid them from the enemy.

Now that the redcoats were not between them and the American lines, the boys could harass them all they chose and could always fall back and be safe.

Once they waited in the wood-bordered road on the farther side of a little bridge over a creek.

The enemy did not see them till almost upon them, and then the brave boys fired a volley and fell back.

The redcoats were cautious about coming on, and the boys had retreated some little distance before their absence was discovered.

They had a good laugh over it, when at last they beheld the enemy following them in the distance.

Later they waited at a sharp turn in the road, and as the advance guard came on, suddenly opened fire upon them and sent them flying back.

By the time the main body had come up the Liberty Boys were far away and enjoying another laugh at the expense of the redcoats.

Late in the afternoon they arrived at White Plains.

Here they found the Americans strongly entrenched, awaiting the coming of the enemy.

Washington was at North Castle, two miles distant, having fortified a natural stronghold.

The Americans were chiefly behind their breastworks near the village, the British being upon the hills below, east of the Bronx.

Chatterton's Hill, on the opposite side, was occupied by Colonel Haslet, with Delaware and Maryland troops and some militia, in all about sixteen hundred men.

Early the next morning General McDougal reinforced Haslet with a small corps, the Liberty Boys and two pieces of artillery.

At ten o'clock the British moved toward the village in two columns, the right command by General Clinton, the left by De Heister and Sir William Erskine.

Howe was with the second division, and when near the village held a council of war, which resulted in a change in the point of attack.

Inclining to the left, the British placed a goodly number of pieces of artillery on an eminence to the southeast.

Then, under cover of their fire, they constructed a rude bridge over the Bronx and attempted to cross and ascend the wooded heights to dislodge the Americans on Chatterton's Hill.

Captain Hamilton placed his two guns on a rocky ledge and opened fire upon the enemy as they ascended.

Dick Slater and his brave Liberty Boys, dismounting, took up a position near the battery and sent in volley after volley upon the redcoats.

Whole platoons were swept from the margin of the hill as they attempted to ascend.

The enemy were forced back and retreated to their artillery, when they joined another division under General Leslie, which was then crossing the Bronx a quarter of a mile below.

The whole force pushed up the slopes along the southwestern part of the hill.

Gaining a slope near the top, they tried to turn McDougal's flank.

Here were the Liberty Boys, who stoutly rallied to McDougal's defence, mounted their horses and opposed the British vigorously.

Smallwood and Ritzema on the right also opposed them earnestly, the enemy moving to the extreme right and dispersing the militia.



The gallant Liberty Boys stood their ground and met the attack of the light infantry and cavalry most valiantly.

At last Rahl and his Hessians attacked McDougal's flank so vigorously that he was obliged to give way.

Dick led off the Liberty Boys in good order down the southwestern side of the hill and across the Bronx to the intrenchments at White Plains.

The British were the victors, but all they had were some rudely erected breastworks.

"They're welcome to them," laughed Bob.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### TWO KINDS OF SKIRMISHES.

After the battle the militia, who had been dispersed by the enemy, speedily collected in the intrenched camp at the village.

The British rested upon their arms all night, and in the morning Dick took the Liberty Boys as a strong scouting party and set out to look over the ground.

They encountered the enemy on the Bronx, and at once a skirmish began.

"Hold your ground, Liberty Boys," said Dick. "These fellows are invaders and must be driven out."

The brave boys answered with a cheer and delivered a telling volley at the enemy.

Then redcoats and Hessians came swarming upon the brave boys to drive them back.

"Stand your ground, boys!" cried Dick. "Hold back the redcoats!"

"Liberty forever! Back with the redcoats and Hessians!" shouted the gallant lads. "Down with them!"

A strong force of the enemy rushed at Dick to capture him and put the Liberty Boys to flight.

At once the brave fellows rallied to Dick's assistance.

Bob led one party and Mark another.

They not only saved Dick, but actually forced the redcoats to recoil.

Then Hand's riflemen, Glover's brigade and other detachments of patriots came rushing up to take part in the struggle.

The enemy retired to their intrenchments, and the skirmish was over.

General Howe, considering the Americans too strong to be attacked at the moment, withdrew his army to within long cannon range and awaited the arrival of Lord Percy with four battalions from New York and two from Mamaroneck.

The American intrenchments, which looked so strong to Howe's eyes, were exceedingly weak, being composed of earth and sods laid upon cornstalks.

They were really no protection against cannonballs, and Howe would have seen this had he attacked these works first instead of the stronger ones on Chatterton's Hill.

In that case the dispersion of the American army, if not its loss, would have been the result.

After the skirmish and the falling back of the enemy, it became evident that Howe was waiting for reinforcements before making a second attack.

"There will be no immediate fighting," said Dick to Bob, "and I think I will take Danny over to the house and leave him with mother and Edith."

"We have been trying to do so for some time," answered Bob, smiling.

"Very true, and have had to put it off. I think we can do it to-day, however."

Danny was willing to do as Dick said, although he would have liked to remain with the Liberty Boys and seen the fighting.

Dick Slater went to see his mother as often as he could, for she missed him greatly when he was away.

Her husband had been killed by a treacherous Tory neighbor at the beginning of the war, and she had received a shock from which she never entirely recovered.

Bob's father and mother and sister lived not far distant from Dick, the two girls being constant companions.

Edith Slater was Bob's sweetheart and Alice Estabrook was Dick's, the two boys being like brothers.

Dick and Bob had reasons other than the care of Danny for going over to the house, therefore.

Their mothers would be anxious to hear from them after the fight, and the girls were always glad to see them.

They mounted their horses, Danny got on his, still in his uniform, and off they set for Dick's home.

When within a mile of the house Bob suddenly said:

"There are those Tory bullies, Dick. There's sure to be a fight, and we've got Danny with us."

"You aren't afraid of them, are you?" asked the boy.

"No, but they throw stones and use clubs, and you might get hurt."

"Don't you be afraid of me," said Danny. "I'll lick one or two of 'em myself."

There were many Tories in the neighborhood, Westchester being always a neutral ground.

Young Scroggs, the son of the man who had killed Dick's father, Dick having shot and mortally wounded him later, was one of the party now advancing.

He had sworn to have vengeance upon Dick, but had not yet succeeded.

With him were young Hank Jones, Bill Burgess, Ike Mills and a dozen or more overgrown boys, cowards, sneaks and bullies, every one of them.

They insulted Dick and Bob or any of the Liberty Boys, and attacked them whenever they considered it safe.

They would never meet the young patriots on equal terms, however, but always went in large parties.

Advancing, they spread out across the road, and Scroggs said:

"Yah! yer rebels, yer got drove off Chat'ton's Hill, didn't yer?"

"Yus, an' they'll git druv out er White Plains, too," said Hank Jones.

His father was no better than an outlaw and lived in the very worst quarter of the town.

"Let's lick ther rebels," said Bill Burgess, whose father was a grasping money-lender and a rank Tory.

"What do you bullies want?" asked Bob. "Why don't you get more? You haven't half enough. Go and get a dozen or two more!"

"We're ergoin' ter lick yer, an' we got all we need," snarled Scroggs. "Come on, fellers."



Armed with clubs and stones, the bullies now made a sudden dash.

"Charge!" cried Dick.

He and Bob and Danny suddenly urged their horses forward.

Some of the bullies were thrown down, the greater part scattering when the boys charged.

Two of them managed to get hold of Danny's bridle, however, and stopped him.

He promptly drew a pistol and banged one of the bullies on the head with it.

Seeing his danger, Dick promptly wheeled Major, jumped off and seized young Scroggs.

The bully was about to pull Danny from the saddle.

Dick straightway blackened both the young Tory's eyes, caused his nose to bleed and then kicked him into the ditch, half full of muddy water.

"There!" he cried indignantly, "perhaps you'll take a boy of your own size the next time."

Young Scroggs pulled himself out of the ditch, vowing vengeance, and then seven or eight of the bullies attacked Dick.

Bob came up and took a hand, dealing sturdy blows right and left, giving kicks, cuffs and slaps without stint to the bullies.

Danny also did what he could and delivered many a telling blow.

Then there was the sound of horses coming on at a canter.

Two young ladies on horseback presently came in sight around a bend in the road.

As soon as they saw the two boys fighting the bullies they came dashing up.

Then they plied their whips vigorously, delivering many cutting blows on the backs, legs, arms and necks of the bullies.

The young Tories howled with pain, dancing and jumping and trying to get out of the way.

At last half a dozen Liberty Boys rode up, and these also took a hand.

The bullies, finding themselves more nearly matched as to numbers, beat a hasty retreat.

They got away quickly and then, from a safe distance, hurled abuse and insults on the Liberty Boys.

"Oh, yes, you've got a lot to say, now you're safe," sputtered Bob, "but you daren't come back here, you sneaks!"

"They haven't got enough," laughed Ben Spurlock. "A dozen to one is their usual number."

"And they got thrashed even with those odds," said Bob.

"They're not likely to come back now," observed Dick, "so suppose we go on."

## CHAPTER XIV.

### MORE TROUBLE.

Having kissed both girls, one being his sister and the other his sweetheart, Dick presented Danny.

"This is Danny Manners, sister," he said. "I am taking him home so that he can take care of you and mother."

"Why, he looks like a little Liberty Boy, brother," said Edith, smiling.

"Yes, and he wants to be one, but he will have to wait some time yet."

"I hope this dreadful war will be over before he is big enough for that."

"So do I, but we can't tell. Danny, this is my sister Edith, and this is Miss Alice Estabrook."

"They're pretty nice girls, both of them," observed the boy, "and they're not afraid, either. My! but how they did wallop those Tories! That was worth going a mile to see."

"Indeed it was!" laughed Bob. "They're good patriot girls, Danny, and you'll like them both."

"What started the fight with those Tory boys?" asked Edith.

"The usual thing," said Dick. "They insulted and then attacked us, nearly a dozen to one."

"We were giving them all they wanted even before you came up," laughed Bob.

"Yes, but this won't be the last of it," said Edith. "There's always more trouble whenever you have a quarrel with them."

"And we never run away from it," declared Bob.

"Edith means that these young scoundrels will tell their fathers, and they will make more trouble for you and Dick," said Alice.

"Yes, I know. That is what usually happens. The young liars never tell the thing straight."

"Even if they did, these men would make trouble," replied Alice. "They always do make it."

"Let them!" said Dick, doggedly. "We won't take any nonsense from either the boys or their fathers. They are a disgrace to the section, all of them, and ought to be driven out."

"That's what I say," declared Bob, "and some of them will have to go if they don't behave themselves."

As they rode on Dick told about Danny, and added: "I will leave him at our house for the present. It is not likely that either Dinks or Quirk will look for him there."

"You'd better keep a lookout for them, all the same," said Bob. "If they trouble you, send Danny over to our house. Father will soon send them packing."

"It is a most interesting story," said Edith. "Do you suppose you will ever hear the whole of it?"

"I think very likely," replied Dick. "I shall try to, at any rate."

When they got to Dick's house, the young captain of the Liberty Boys kissed his mother affectionately and briefly related Danny's story.

The widow received the boy tenderly, and promised to look after him until they found a good home for him.

"I'm going to be a Liberty Boy, ma'am," said Danny, proudly, "so you won't have to take care of me very long."

"Bless the boy!" cried Mrs. Slater. "Well, Danny, I like your spirit, but I do hope that this terrible war will be over before you are big enough to fight."

"Oh, I'm big enough now, ma'am, but I'm not old



enough. I'm as big as the midget, but he's older than I am."

"Well, Danny, my boy," said Dick, "you take good care of the women, even if you cannot fight just now, and I shall be quite satisfied."

"All right, captain, I'll do the best I can."

Dick and Bob remained at the house till nearly dusk and then set off for the camp of the Liberty Boys.

They were within half a mile of it, and it was growing dark, when Dick suddenly said:

"Those fellows are waiting for us, Bob."

"Young Scroggs and Jones and the rest, you mean?"

"No, but the men, Hank Jones and Mills and some others."

"Do you see them, Dick?"

"No, but I heard their horses snort just beyond the bend."

"What are you going to do, Dick?"

"I am going on," in a tone of determination.

"Then I'm going, too, Dick."

The boys rode on at a good pace and presently rounded a bend in the road.

Then, just as Dick had said, they found half a dozen evil-looking men waiting in the road for them, sitting on horseback.

They at once spread out so as to cut off the boys' retreat.

"Well," said Dick, drawing rein, "what is it now? We have been abusing your sons, have we?"

"Huh! then yer know yer have, do yer?" asked the elder Jones, a man with an unsavory reputation.

"No, but we know the lying tales your sons have been telling. We're used to them."

"We never will let them alone, we are always abusing them and all that nonsense," sputtered Bob.

"Well, so yer are," snorted Mills, another Tory of very bad repute.

"Of course," snorted Bob. "One of us attacks a dozen of those bullies and bangs them about. It's dreadful odds, isn't it? Why don't we take fifty of them?"

Mills seemed to understand the sarcasm, although none of the others did.

"Mebby they do have more'n you," he retorted, "but you've got pistols an' swords an' muskets an'——"

"Which we never use on such cattle," said Dick. "I have heard these stories before, and am sick of them. They're nothing but a pack of lies."

"Do yer mean ter call us liars?" growled Jones.

"Yes!" decidedly.

"You didn't think Dick Slater would back out, did you?" laughed Bob.

"You men come to threaten us," continued Dick, "and block our path, but we won't have it. We'll use our pistols on you and in short order. Now get out of the way. Bob!"

In a moment each of the boys had a couple of big pistols pointed at the Tories.

"Come ahead, and if these fellows bother us, shoot!"

"All right, Dick," with a laugh.

"Now then, forward!"

At the word both Dick and Bob fairly flew.

The Tories got out of the way in short order.

There was not a shot fired, and in a short time Dick and Bob rode into the camp uninjured.

"Any more trouble with the Tories?" asked Ben.

"A little," laughed Bob. "They stopped us, but we offered them arguments which they could not answer."

"But I didn't hear any shots."

"No, we didn't go as far as that, Ben. It was unnecessary."

The boys were eating their suppers when Sam Sander-son came to Dick and said:

"That rascally lawyer, Quirk, wants to see you. He says he can furnish you with valuable information if you want to pay for it."

"Tell him I won't give him a penny for his information," answered Dick. "It refers to Danny, I suppose?"

"He did not say."

Sam went away, but shortly returned and said:

"No, he says it has nothing to do with the boy. He says he can give you knowledge of the enemy's camp which will enable you to completely overthrow them."

"Tell him I don't want it, and that if he hangs about here he will be arrested."

"Do you think he has such information, Dick?" asked Bob.

"No, it is a trap, no doubt, and I wouldn't trust him."

## CHAPTER XV.

### CONCERNING DANNY.

Quirk went away, muttering to himself, and Dick said to Bob:

"The fellow came here to spy on us and see if the boy was still in the camp."

"I have no doubt of it, and he will probably be spying on us till he is satisfied that the boy is not here."

That night several of the boys on picket duty heard someone prowling about the camp, first at one point and then at another.

At last, when Dick was going the rounds, having heard about the prowler, he heard someone in the bushes.

"See here, Quirk," he said, "if you come prowling about here any more you will be fired upon."

The noise ceased for a time, and then Dick heard stealthy footsteps leaving the camp.

The man did not return that night, and there were no more cat-like footsteps heard.

"We must fry and find Dinks," said Dick to Bob the next morning.

"Do you think he will tell anything?"

"He must," tersely.

"Very good. Then we'll find him."

The enemy were still resting, waiting for reinforcements, and there did not seem to be any chance of their attacking the patriots that day.

Disguising themselves and taking ordinary horses, the two boys set out at a rapid pace for the river.

Danny had said that Dinks lived near the river, and it was there that they meant to search for him.



Crossing the Sawmill river, they came upon a tavern by the roadside.

"We might obtain some information here," said Bob, carelessly.

"Perhaps," returned Dick, "though I don't know that he frequents places of this sort."

"Suppose we try."

"Well, there can be no harm in that."

Dismounting and tethering their horses to the fence, they entered.

As they were going in they heard someone in one of the curtained stalls say:

"If the redcoats knew what I know of the intrenchments at White Plains, they could take it without all this delay."

"Why don't you tell them?" and Dick recognized the questioner's voice as that of Dinks.

"I daren't. I deserted, and they'd hang me if I showed my face among them."

"Give me the information then, and I'll share what I get for it with you."

Dick made a quick signal to Bob and stepped forward. Then he threw aside the curtains and said:

"Ezra Dinks, I want to see you."

Dinks tried to get up, but Bob pointed a pistol at him.

"Sit down, Dinks!" he said.

Dick recognized Dinks's companion as the man who had been with Manners on the latter's first visit to the camp.

He never forgot a face, and he knew the man immediately.

"I think I may want to see you also," he said. "Sit down, Bob."

He took a seat next to the stranger, while Bob sat next to Dinks.

"We will attend to your affair later," Dick said to his seatmate. "Just now we want to ask Mr. Dinks a few questions."

"I have nothing to say," with a growl.

"I think you have. You heard what he said, Bob?"

"Yes."

"You are willing to give the enemy information concerning our works. You are a spy, therefore."

"Anything to drink, sirs?" asked the landlord, coming forward.

"You may fill these two pewters. I do not drink anything spirituous."

"Very good, sir."

"Now then, Dinks, what of Danny Manners?"

"You know all I am going to tell you," snarlingly.

"That is his real name?"

"Yes."

"His father is afflicted with a homicide mania?"

"Yes."

"And you have tried to keep him confined."

"Huh! I should say we had," said the stranger. "He is a sly fellow, though, and gets out."

"Why do you keep Danny? He is not insane? Has he no friends?"

"I won't tell you," snarled Dinks.

"You will or I'll take you back to White Plains and have you hanged as a spy."

"We hoped Manners would die," growled Dinks. "Danny has other relatives. My wife is his aunt, his father's sister. Danny will get his father's money when Manners dies."

"But he is tough," the stranger added. "I can tell you all about it, captain."

"I may not have to ask you," said Dick.

"I was trying to get Joe back to the asylum when we visited your camp."

"You were connected with it?"

"Yes. We tried dosing the man, but he has the constitution of an ox, and is shrewd besides. He wouldn't take the stuff always when we thought he did."

"If Manners died, how could you get the money?"

"By saying Danny was dead."

"Where is the money?"

"Held in trust."

"Then you never adopted the boy?" to Dinks.

"No."

"But you and Quirk said you had."

"H'm! Quirk will say anything!" with a growl.

"So will you, I fancy. What was the big house that the boy speaks of?"

"H'm! Does he remember that?" snarlingly.

"Yes."

"It was an almshouse, as I said. We put him there to hide him."

"And yet let him know his own name?"

"That was accidental. Someone told him, and then my wife used to call him that when she scolded him."

"Why could you not have had a guardian appointed for Manners and got at the money in that way?"

"He was sane at times, and the men who had the money said it was safe enough where it was."

"It is there yet?"

"Yes."

"Who has it?"

"Judge Wilmerding, of Tarrytown, Mr. Miller, of Croton, and Mr. Morris, at New York."

"I know them all. Then they think Danny is dead?"

"Yes."

"And would they surrender the money to you if Manners died?"

"My wife is heir-at-law."

"Very good; and you would dispose of her, I suppose, without any compunction?"

Dinks flushed deeply, while the stranger turned a ghastly white.

"Of course they would, both of them," said Bob.

"You have furnished valuable information, Dinks," said Dick. "You and Quirk and this man here are liable to prosecution for conspiracy, as well as in danger of arrest as spies."

"Let that go," muttered Dinks. "I have told you what you want to know. You can afford to pass the other matter."

At that moment the sound of a large body of horsemen approaching was heard.

"See who it is, Bob," said Dick.

Bob hurried to the nearest window.

"Jove! They're redcoats, Dick. There's a lot of them."

"Coming here?"



"Yes, there's a full regiment of them, redcoats and Hessians."

"If you say a word as to our identity, we will shoot you," said Dick. "Sit down, Bob."

Bob sat down in his old seat, and in a few moments a score of redcoats entered.

They looked at the boys, but paid little attention to them.

Then more entered, and the landlord and all his household force were kept busy.

Dick presently made a signal to Bob, and the two arose and passed out of the room by a rear door.

"There was a captain coming in who saw me in New York," said Dick, "in this same disguise. He would know me in a moment."

The boys quickly secured their horses and rode away as Dinks came out, shouting loudly:

"There goes Dick Slater, the rebel spy! Seize him. There is a price on his head."

At once a score and more of redcoats started in pursuit.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### DANNY CAPTURES A PRISONER.

Dick and Bob put spurs to their horses and dashed away at full speed.

Crossing the bridge, they soon came to where the road branched.

"Come on, Bob," said Dick. "They can't catch us, and we don't need to separate."

They went on faster than ever, keeping out of sight of the pursuing redcoats.

At length they failed to hear the sound of pursuit, and Dick slackened his speed.

"We'll go across country, Bob," he said. "It will save us a lot of ground."

"Very good, Dick."

They both knew the region they were in thoroughly and would get to White Plains a long time ahead of the enemy.

They went on at a less rapid pace than before, but saved time, nevertheless.

"Well, I was right about finding Dinks there," said Bob.

"Yes, but things often turn out otherwise than one thinks they will."

"You would not have gone in there?"

"No, not if you had not spoken of it."

"It was a lucky thought of mine."

"Yes, but we often do not know how things may turn out, even when we make the most careful plans."

"Very true."

They rode on steadily and reached White Plains in the afternoon.

Howe's reinforcements all arrived that evening, and preparations were made to storm the American works the next morning.

At midnight a terrible storm of wind and rain arose, lasting all that night and much of the next day.

All operations were suspended, and the expected attack was not made.

During the next night, when the storm was clearing and the British were asleep, Washington withdrew and encamped upon the heights of North Castle, toward the Croton river.

Here he had erected strong breastworks along the hills looming up a hundred feet above the Bronx.

It was a natural stronghold, and Howe hesitated at attacking him in such a place.

The enemy remained at White Plains, and Dick and the Liberty Boys kept their old camp in order to harass them all they could.

Dick went over to the house with Bob to see the girls and Danny and to see if everything was safe.

Dick told Alice and Edith what additional information he had learned concerning Danny, and asked if they had seen any suspicious persons in the neighborhood.

"No, we have not," said Edith, "but Mrs. Freeman's garden was robbed the other night, and they think the thief was a soldier."

"Perhaps; but there are other bad characters about besides British soldiers, my girl," laughed Bob.

"That was Will Freeman's mother who was robbed, wasn't it?" asked Danny.

"Yes, and she can ill-afford it," replied Alice.

"And Will is a good fellow," declared Danny.

"So he is," agreed Bob.

"He is a brave fellow, a good boy and a dutiful son," added Dick.

"I like Will first-rate, and I'd like to catch that thief," observed Danny.

No one paid any attention to him, and he said no more.

At length the boys left, Dick saying just before he went away:

"Keep a watch on all strangers you see near the house. Danny's father might try to take him, but he is not to be trusted."

"We have seen no one so far," said Edith, "but if we do we will send Danny to Bob's."

"Very good; that will be the safest place."

That night, when Edith and her mother were fast asleep, and Danny was supposed to be in the same state, the boy stole silently downstairs.

Taking down the musket suspended over the fireplace, the boy silently stole out of the house and hurried in the direction of the Widow Freeman's.

He knew the place, for Edith had sent him there on errands once or twice.

Reaching the house, he hid himself behind some bushes in the garden.

The air was chill, but the plucky little fellow waited patiently and never complained.

At last, after a long wait, he heard footsteps.

Someone came into the garden with a bag over his shoulder.

This he threw down and began to fill with fruit.

Danny peered out cautiously and saw a strapping big grenadier helping himself to fruit.

There was light enough for him to see this, but the redcoat did not see him.



He waited till the man had filled the bag and had thrown it over his shoulder.

Then he suddenly sprang out as the man was leaving and said:

"Go right on, soldier. If you drop that bag I'll shoot you dead!"

The man turned his head just enough to see the glint of the musket barrel.

"Eyes right, forward march!" cried Danny. "If you let go of that bag or stop, I'll shoot you. Forward!"

The grenadier obeyed perforce and marched on.

Danny marched him through the silent, deserted street and toward the camp of the Liberty Boys.

Every now and then he charged his prisoner not to turn nor to let go of the bag, and so kept him on the quick march.

Arrived at the camp, he was challenged by Patsy.

"Who goes dhere, begorrah?"

"It's me, Danny, with a prisoner."

"Advance, Danny, wid a pris'ner an' give dhe counter-sign."

"Liberty forever."

"Hurroo! Dhat's dhe bhy for yez. Oh, my, oh, my! Wud yez luck at dhe soize av phwat he's brought in?"

A number of the Liberty Boys came forward and the fire flared up.

Dick came up, and Danny said:

"Here's the man that's been robbing the Widow Freeman's garden, captain. I captured him. You know I said I'd like to, and you didn't say I couldn't."

"Very good, Danny. Now, my man, you may put down that bag."

The grenadier, who was a big fellow, over six feet in height, put down the bag.

Then he turned and looked at Danny.

"What!" he roared. "A British grenadier captured by a brat the size of that?"

"Shure an' it's not dhe soize av dhe body dhat do count, me man," laughed Patsy, "it's dhe shpirit, an' dhe bhy do have wan as big as all out dures."

"Did you ever hear of David and Goliath, soldier?" asked Danny. "Well, that feller was a good deal bigger'n you."

"I bet me dot Danny was one off dose Liperty Poys been one off dose days," laughed Carl.

"Shure an' he'd be wan av dhim now, Cookyspiller, av he wor a little older," chuckled Patsy, "for he do have dhe makin's av wan of 'um."

"Brought into camp by a little brat like that!" roared the grenadier. "Me a British soldier! It's disgraceful!"

"The disgrace is in a British soldier's being a thief," said Dick. "You ought to have been ashamed of yourself to do such a thing."

"If that had been in my house," said Bob, "you would have been shot."

"Put him under guard," said Dick. "Danny, go back to the house and go to bed. You have left the women all alone."

"Yes, captain," and Danny saluted and marched out of camp.

"Didn't Oi tell yez he'll make a soger?" cried Patsy.

"Did yez see how he obeyed ordhers?"

"Yah, und he was gife dot saloot chooust like ein machor," laughed Carl. "I bet me he was make ein solcher pooty quick alretty."

The prisoner was very angry at having been made a prisoner by a mere boy, and used a good deal of profane language about it.

"Keep quiet," said Harry Thurber, he being in charge of the man. "If you had remained quietly in camp and had not gone out robbing poor widows, you would not have been captured. You ought to have had a charge of bird shot in your legs, that's what."

Then the big grenadier kept quiet, and was turned over to the general the next morning.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### A LITTLE MATTER OF BUSINESS.

Danny got back to the house, closed and locked the door, put up the musket, went up to his room, undressed and went to bed without Edith or her mother being any the wiser.

In the morning he came down as usual, made the fire, brought water and did his other chores, making no mention of his night's adventure.

It was not until Dick and Bob came to the house during the day that Edith knew anything about it.

Will Freeman came with the two boys and handed Danny a big red apple, saying:

"There you are, Danny. Mother sent you that. It was the finest of the lot. The next time you go there she's going to kiss you and give you a pie, all for yourself."

Then the story came out, and Edith said:

"Why, I never knew a thing about it."

"Well, I said I'd like to capture the thief, and you didn't say I couldn't," said the boy, "and so I thought it was all right."

"It turned out all right, Danny," said Dick, "but don't leave the house again unless you have permission. We don't know what might happen."

"All right, captain."

"You did well in capturing the big grenadier, my boy," Dick continued, "but you must remember that the first duty of a soldier is obedience."

"But you didn't say I couldn't go, captain," said Danny.

"No," with a smile, "and I did not say that you could. However, it's all right. Don't leave the house alone again, though, for we don't know what might happen."

"All right, captain," said Danny, saluting.

That night someone came prowling about the garden, but whether a soldier or one of the Tory neighbors no one knew.

Danny heard them, raised the window and called out:

"Here, get away from there or I'll put a bullet in your leg!"

There were hasty footsteps, and the midnight prowler ran away and did not again visit the place.

Dick heard about it and said:

"There, Danny, you see what it is to stick to your post."



You stayed in last night and drove the thief away. If he had come the other night, you could not have done it."

"That's so, captain, and I won't go out again."

The next day Howe withdrew from the vicinity of White Plains and retreated toward the junction of the Hudson and Harlem rivers.

He encamped upon Fordham Heights, extending his left wing almost to King's Bridge, his intentions being evidently the environment and attack of Fort Washington.

The Liberty Boys were shortly ordered to go thither and form a part of the garrison, acting also as a scouting party to watch the enemy, and hold the enemy in check as much as possible.

In a few days Dick was sent for by the commander-in-chief, who despatched him to the city to obtain information of the enemy.

"Learn all you can of their intended movements, Dick, and in as short a time as possible," said Washington.

"I will do so, your excellency."

"I do not limit you as to time, but of course you know the value of it, and if you can save it, so much the better."

"I will not return till I learn something, your excellency," was Dick's reply, "but I will make the best of my time, nevertheless."

"Very good, Dick. I can reply upon you, I know."

Dick then saluted and withdrew.

Disguising himself as a farmer's boy, Dick set out for the city, making his way through the middle of the island, where there were thickets and swamps, and where the enemy's lines would not be as tightly drawn as nearer the rivers.

He slipped through the upper lines without being detected, and at last, getting upon a road, asked a lift of a farmer going to the city with a load of truck.

In this manner he got through the lower lines, and at last left the farmer near the new jail and went on afoot.

The first person he called upon was the Mr. Morris, who was one of the gentlemen having the Manners property in trust.

The gentleman knew Dick, being a staunch patriot and assisting the American cause greatly, although in secret, as he was living in New York and was watched by the British.

"Glad to see you, Captain Slater," he said, when Dick was shown in. "Your visit to the city concerns the cause, of course."

"Partly," said Dick; "mainly, I may say. I have a little private business in which I think you can assist me, however."

Dick then spoke of the Manners affair and of his discovery of Danny.

"Yes, there is some property involved," said the gentleman. "We believed the boy to be dead. Can you get proof that the boy in your custody is really the same?"

"I will make it my business to do so," replied Dick.

"The sworn statements of this man Dinks and of the lawyer that this is the boy will be sufficient. We could dispense with Quirk's deposition, as he is known to be unprincipled and scarcely to be credited even under oath."

"I very nearly secured Dinks's affidavit," said Dick, "but I will try again. I know where he lives, and I will take a notary there and get his statement."

"Very good. I am a notary myself, and if the man were in the city you could bring him here."

"It is hardly likely that he would come, sir," laughed Dick. "He is among friends here, and if he saw me, would not hesitate to betray me."

"Very true, captain, and of course that is out of the question. Arrange it your own way, but get the affidavits by all means."

"I will do so, sir," answered Dick, and shortly afterward he left the house and walked toward the Bowling Green.

Arriving in sight of the place, he was amazed to see no less a person than Ezra Dinks coming toward him.

"If things don't go by contraries!" he said to himself. "The very thing that I deemed impossible is about to happen."

Taking a pistol from inside his coat, he put it in an outer pocket and walked on.

When Dinks met him, he gave him a sharp look, and was about to make an outcry when Dick showed the stock of his pistol and said:

"If you utter a sound, I will fire. I can discharge this pistol in my pocket with the greatest ease. It will be called an accident."

Dinks turned pale, and Dick continued:

"Go right along up Broadway. I will go with you. I have business for you."

He walked beside Dinks, with his hand holding the pistol in his pocket.

Big as he was, Dinks was a moral as well as physical coward.

He walked on, pale and trembling, and seemed like one in a trance, unable to exert his own will.

When Dick at last walked up the stoop of Mr. Morris's house he gasped:

"What are you about? What are you going here for?"

"On a matter of business," said Dick swiftly, as he raised the ponderous brass knocker and sent a noisy summons through the house.

To the servant who came to the door he said:

"Tell Mr. Morris that we can attend to the business we were speaking of without delay."

Dick was shown into the gentleman's study, finding him with a legal-looking person.

"My word! but this is expedition indeed, captain," he said, seeing Dinks.

"It was totally unexpected on my part, sir."

"And, better yet, this gentleman is a notary and solicitor and can take the affidavit of Mr. Dinks, which will be much better than my taking it. No time need be lost."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### AN OBSTACLE REMOVED.

Dinks at first refused to make an affidavit.

"I could coerce you, of course," said Dick, "but an



agreement under duress would not hold. I think there may be another way out of it."

"Mr. Dinks is certainly guilty of conspiracy," said Mr. Morris, "but we do not wish him to make an affidavit to that effect."

"Nor need we take notice of it if the boy's claim is established and he gets his rights," added the other gentleman.

"Of course not," said Dick. "Where a conspiracy fails there is little need of making an accusation of such a move."

"But if it is persisted in, then an action would lie."

Dinks saw that he was cornered, and made the same statement that he had made to Dick.

This was sworn to before witnesses, signed, sealed and delivered.

"Now, Mr. Dinks," said Dick, "I am in the city on business connected with the cause of independence, and you, no doubt, would be glad to betray me to the authorities here."

"I'd do it in a minute," with a snarl. "If I see you on the street, I'll give the alarm immediately and have you arrested as a spy."

"He could be locked up, I suppose," said Dick, "or at least detained until I can leave the house? After that I don't care."

"Certainly."

"I can't help myself," growled Dinks, "but if I meet you on the street I'll denounce you."

"Just as you please," said Dick.

Then he went into the hall with Mr. Morris, and in a few moments Dinks saw him pass the door.

In a few minutes more Dinks was allowed to leave the house.

He knew that he could do Mr. Morris no injury, but he was resolved to hunt down Dick and denounce him.

Half an hour later he met Dick at the Bowling Green and passed him without recognition.

He met a solemn-looking person in black, wearing a powdered wig and carrying a blue cloth bag under his arm.

This person looked no more like Dick Slater than he did himself.

For all that, it was Dick, and the Tory passed him and continued his search.

Upon leaving the house of Mr. Morris, Dick had gone around into the next street, passed through a rear gate into the garden and re-entered the house.

He went in by one door as Dinks left it by another.

Then he had changed his clothes and his appearance, and had gone boldly out upon the street.

After passing Dinks without being recognized, he said to himself:

"The fellow is not as clever as he thinks. He knew me in one disguise, but not in another. If he had been really clever, he would have known me in both."

Continuing, Dick went into a tavern much frequented by British officers, finding a number of them in the place at the time.

He took a seat near a group of officers of high rank, ordered some punch, which he did not drink, and listened.

He appeared to go to sleep in a few minutes, and the officers grew more communicative.

They spoke in low tones, but Dick's hearing was keen, and he did not miss a syllable.

The officers were talking about the proposed attack upon Fort Washington.

Although they did not possess General Howe's full confidence, they nevertheless knew enough of his plans to give Dick a good deal of information.

He was very fortunate in having come upon them, but his whole trip had been fortunate, and he congratulated himself upon its general success.

"Another time I might learn little or nothing, as has often been the case," was his thought.

At last, when the officers had said all that he knew they would say and were talking upon purely personal matters, he sat up, yawned in the most natural manner, stretched his arms, upset his pewter with a clatter and exclaimed:

"Bless my heart! I do believe I have been asleep!"

There was a general laugh at this, and one of the officers said:

"That's a wonderful discovery of thine, Master Wool-sack. If thy delvings into the law produce such amazing results, you will be a prodigy, in very truth."

"Ah, no wonder I slept!" exclaimed Dick, solemnly. "I have been with the army."

This time the laugh was at the officers' expense.

Leaving the hostelry, Dick walked toward Whitehall wharf to learn if there were any movement among the fleet.

Nearing the wharf, he heard a sudden outcry and noticed a deal of confusion.

Then he saw a man dash across the street, a knife in his hand, strike down someone and dart down an alley, pursued by a mob of sailors, soldiers and citizens.

"He has gone into Canvas Town, the very worst quarter in all the city," Dick said, "but even there he will not find protection."

Canvas Town was a part of the city which had been burned during the great fire a month or more previous.

The walls of the burned buildings had been utilized and dwellings made by the addition of old canvas and spars from the ships.

Here lived thieves, murderers and the very lowest characters, the very dregs of the city's population.

It was unsafe to enter the place by day and positively dangerous to do so by night, unless one were known by the evil denizens of the unsavory quarter.

Dick had recognized the man running amuck as Manners, Danny's father.

He followed unhesitatingly, keeping his eyes about him, however.

The man had been seized with one of his fits for killing and was absolutely beside himself.

Dick soon caught sight of him fighting with a dozen evil fellows, two or three of whom he had badly wounded.

"Clear out!" cried one. "This is no place for you. We don't give protection to madmen."

Some of the sailors and soldiers had ventured into these evil haunts, but no one else except Dick.



A sailor had been killed by Manners, and his mates were eager to avenge his death.

They rushed upon the man, beat him furiously, and would have killed him had he not made his escape.

A sudden deadly fear seized him, and he ran down the street with the speed of the wind.

Reaching the river, he plunged in with a great splash.

Whether from loss of blood, from striking his head upon something at the bottom, or from being carried under a vessel, he did not rise again, and his body was never recovered.

Dick waited about for an hour while men searched with poles and boathooks and at last went away, muttering:

"That is the last of him, no doubt. My part of this business was settled none too soon, and now the last obstacle to Danny's success in life has been removed."

## CHAPTER XIX.

### DANNY JOINS THE LIBERTY BOYS.

The body of the insane man was not recovered, and probably was carried out to sea, the tide being on the ebb at the time.

Dick had seen him leap into the water, however, and many other witnesses could be found if they were needed to prove the facts of the man's death.

Leaving the place, Dick went back and reported to Mr. Morris what he had seen.

"This leaves you free to act as guardian of the boy, or to turn over the funds to some other duly appointed guardian, I suppose?" he said.

"Yes, and we will do whatever you suggest, captain."

"I would suggest that you remain the boy's guardian," was Dick's reply.

"Very good, captain. I will communicate with my colleagues."

Dick now changed his clothes, putting on his former disguise, and left the house.

The day was well spent; he had accomplished more than he had expected, and there was no reason for his remaining longer in the city.

He had had no trouble in entering it, and would probably have very little in leaving it, although he always expected and was prepared for it.

Going up Broadway, he suddenly encountered Dinks on the corner of John street.

"I have my pistol in my pocket yet, Dinks," he said quickly. "Did you know that Manners was dead?"

"No," and Dinks seemed ready to collapse.

"He probably is. They searched for his body for more than an hour without finding it, but he is no doubt dead, and was soon after he jumped into the river."

"How did it happen?" in a scarcely audible tone.

"It came about from his mania. He ran amuck in Broadway and in Canvas Town and finally leaped into the river and never came up."

"And now Danny will get the money, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Don't my wife and I get anything for the care we took

of him, feeding, clothing and bringing him up in the fear of God?"

"You are either a rank hypocrite, Dinks," said Dick, "or the greatest miser I ever saw."

"Don't you think we ought to have something?"

"No, I do not. You would have cheated him out of the whole of it. You will make a claim, however, without doubt."

He did, but it was not allowed, it being proven by the man's own confession and by his acts that he had simply taken care of Danny to keep his identity hidden, and that he had meant to seize the estate as soon as Manners was dead.

The trustees remained the same, and Danny came into a comfortable fortune upon his reaching his majority.

Before that time he had joined the Liberty Boys, served under Dick Slater during the last three years of the war, and proved himself one of the bravest of a company of brave fellows.

When he was fourteen years old, having grown a good deal in the meantime, and being strong and in the best of health, Dick took him into the Liberty Boys, where he was warmly welcomed.

Quirk tried to upset the boy's claim, but did not succeed, and soon afterward left the country and was not seen again in the neighborhood of New York.

Dinks joined the Queen's Rangers and fought against his country on the field, as he had done in private life.

He was killed during a raid of the rangers in Southern New Jersey, Dick recognizing him after the battle.

His wife, upon learning of his death, promptly took all of his property and in a few weeks married someone else and left the country.

Dick soon eluded Dinks, who was like one in a stupor, and left the city.

Returning to Fort Washington late that night, he reported to the commander-in-chief all that he had learned.

An attack upon the fort was made in a few days, the operations of the enemy being much as Dick had heard they would be.

After a brave resistance, in which the Liberty Boys took an active part, the fort was reduced and the patriots driven from the island.

The plucky boys escaped and accompanied the commander-in-chief to the Jerseys, where, during the ensuing campaign, they took an active part and showed their devotion to the cause by their many valorous deeds.

### THE END.

Read "THE LIBERTY BOYS AT TARRANT'S TAVERN; or, SURPRISED BY TARLETON," which will be the next number (365) of "The Liberty Boys of '76."

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## FROM EVERYWHERE.

In Germany three women are employed as chimney sweeps, seven as gunsmiths, nineteen as brass and bell founders, 147 as coppersmiths, 379 as farriers and nailers, 309 as masons, eight as stone-cutters, 2,000 in marble, stone and slate quarries. In all 5,500,000 women can earn their living in trades and professions.

There is no question that the quantity of sleep required steadily diminishes from infancy to old age. This is a rather interesting exception to the general rule that, as in so many matters, old age returns to the needs of infancy. As regards sleep, old age is more remote in its needs from infancy than is any other period of life. If elderly people obtain good sleep during the first few hours, and if they have not lost that delight in reading which we all had in youth, but which so many of us curiously lose, their case is not to be grieved over. The special value of the earliest hours of sleep, by the way, has been proved by psychological experiment. The popular phrase "beauty sleep" is well warranted. It is the early (the deepest) hours of sleep that make for health and beauty.

Neglected by the powers, witches ceased to be so notorious, but the belief continued to exist, and does exist now, in rural parts of Scotland and England; and in England and France, even in the towns, fortune-tellers, whether they charge a guinea or a shilling for their advice, are witches under the terms of the old statutes, and flourish abundantly, but as they are not burned they are supposed by superficial observers to have been exterminated by school boards and electric lighting. The blacker sort of witch who "overlooks" and casts spells on man and beast may be found in many rural regions North and South. One of them was brought before a squire and J. P. of my acquaintance as a dangerous nuisance. He said to her solemnly: "You know, Betty, the Bible said 'Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live in the parish,' and she migrated, under certain conditions of compensation, to another parish."

"Here is an interesting find," said Lecoq the detective. "It is a burglar's notebook. Instructions for the burglarious young. Listen and I'll read you some extracts." He opened the little yellow book and read: "To keep from sneezing, close eyes and open mouth and press upper lip till desire vanishes. Use turpentine to drill iron if it is hard. Put hard soap into cut when sawing off padlocks. Black the face when doing job and carry soap and piece of mirror to wash off with; also carry towel. Put rubber washer on bottom of vise to make soundless. Carry vial of tincture of arnica for cuts and bruises. Try all chisels before using. Use electric lamp, never the old-fashioned oil lantern. To break window, cut with diamond and then spread thick white lead on flannel and press

from. Hold lamp always at arm's length when lit. Then, if it is shot at, you will not be hit."

There is a movement in Germany to popularize the goat as a domestic animal, chiefly on account of its milk, which is said to be good for every one and by far the best food for bottle-fed babies and young children. Some promoters are especially anxious to see the goat flourishing in the neighborhood of manufacturing towns. In upper Silesia several workmen's welfare associations have offered prizes for goat raising and keeping. In addition, several communal administrations in the same region encourage goat breeding and keeping in various ways. At Tarnowitz the authorities have gone far ahead. They have started a goat farm in connection with a plant nursery established with public funds and run for the public benefit. A tract of fifteen acres was first leased and later purchased at a cost of \$1,125. Buildings and stock increased the investment to about double that amount. The local administration contributed \$500 and the Prussian treasury an equal amount. The balance was raised by loan, the interest being assessed on the property of the district until the investment began to pay. The experiment was begun early in 1905. The result has been a great development of interest in goat culture throughout the province. Small farmers and land owners of all sorts are stocking up, and many of the factory people own goats and graze them by the roadsides or on the common lands. The farm is not yet paying its way, but it is expected to in a year or two. The Rhenish-Westphalian manufacturing region has also taken up the goat. There are many goat culture clubs, and arrangements are being made to institute a central goat promotion station at Altenbochum, a busy village where there are coal mines, brickyards and steam mills.

## HAPPY MOMENTS.

After ten years of experimenting, Clifton H. Willis, a rancher on Montgomery road, near San Jose, Cal., has raised a chicken that can talk. The fowl is the sixth generation of the cross between a parrot and a Guinea hen, but in every characteristic, except the lower half of its bill and the arrangement of its toes, the girl is a chicken. At present the chicken's vocabulary is limited to "Good morning, Clint," "Chaw terbacker, Clint," and a three-syllable cuss word. Willis has refused \$200 for the chicken. He will try to improve the breed.

"Hello, is this Jawbreaker's mammoth department store which furnishes everything for the home? Well, this is Mrs. C. Money Burns, No. 23 Bullion Bullyvard. Take an order, please. All ready? Well, send me one hundred and ninety dollars' worth of domestic felicity, two thousand dollars' worth of dutiful offspring, twenty-five hundred dollars' worth of unadulterated contentment, eight thousand dollars' worth of jealousy remover, a quarter million dollars' worth of assorted knowledge, a half million dollars' worth of ennui-killer, four ounces of gray matter and a half dozen earnest purposes. Now read it to me, please. Yes, that's right. Send it up right away."

The position of librarian in some of our city libraries often calls for qualities which would at first thought occur to one as indispensable to persons of the Sherlock Holmes persuasion rather than to those busy in the field of library work. For example, in one of the crowded districts a little boy appeared at the desk one morning and demanded a "book by a feller named Dirt." Suspecting a discrepancy somewhere, the librarian searched the catalogue in vain, then had recourse to cross-questioning. This proved equally futile, and a note was sent to the boy's mother, asking her if she would be kind enough to write the name of the book she wanted. In about half an hour he returned with a slip of paper on which was written: "Please send something by George Sand."



## THE TUNNEL OUT OF LIBBY.

By COL. RALPH FENTON.

Libby Prison, which was removed to Chicago for the World's Fair from Richmond, was a great deal more of a center of attraction twenty-five years before that time than it is ever likely to be hereafter. It was a large, brick tobacco warehouse on a principal street in Richmond.

Before the war it was occupied by the firm of Libby & Son, and the name of that presumably inoffensive family was thereby handed down to posterity linked with a place with a reputation for cruelty and brutality second only to that of the Andersonville pen.

The most sensational event in the history of the prison was the discovery on February 9, 1864, that during the previous night over one hundred of the prisoners had mysteriously disappeared. The officer in charge had his prisoners counted three separate times in three different ways before he could believe that such a wholesale jail delivery had taken place. Then he locked up half his guards on suspicion that they had been bribed to let the prisoners out. It was not till late in the afternoon that an adjutant accidentally discovered the opening of the tunnel in a shed on the opposite side of the street from the prison.

The story of how it was done was thus told by Lieut.-Col. F. F. Cavada, who was there, and knew what he was talking about:

"The 8th of February, 1864, was one of the most eventful in the history of our prison life. It will long be remembered on account of the escape of more than a hundred of our number from bondage. As far back as the fall before various attempts had been made by officers confined in the prison, under the direction of Colonel Rose of the Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania, to excavate a tunnel, through which they might hope to effect their escape. He organized at different times working parties of ten or fifteen officers, whom he conducted every night into the cellars. These cellars were very dark, and entirely unguarded, being seldom visited even in the daytime. To these they descended through an opening in the flooring of the room above them, used as a kitchen for the prisoners; this opening was carefully concealed by a well-fitted board during the day.

"The earliest excavation made led directly into a stratum of rock, and was soon abandoned as impracticable. The next attempt was made in the direction of the main sewer, which runs under the street between the prison and the canal. The plan was to dig from the cellar into this sewer, and by creeping through it to gain the street at a safe distance from the prison by means of one of the inlets. After many nights of labor, performed under the most trying circumstances, water began to filter into the excavation, and finally poured in so rapidly that it was impossible to continue the work. This tunnel was abandoned with the greatest reluctance; it was admirably planned, and had it proved successful would, no doubt, have emptied the prison of its inmates in a few hours.

"After many fruitless attempts to penetrate into the sewers, it was resolved to make an effort to tunnel under the street east of the prison, and to reach the yard of a warehouse opposite. This street was paced night and day by sentinels. Early in January Colonel Rose organized a working party of fourteen officers, who were to relieve each other regularly in the work, one always remaining on guard near the excavation to prevent a trap being set for the remainder of the party in case of discovery by the prison officials. Having succeeded in lifting out the bottom of the fireplace in the cook-room, they removed the bricks from the back of the flue and penetrated

between the floor joists into the cellar under the end room used as a hospital. Passing through this aperture, they could with facility lower each other down into the cellar. An opening was commenced in the wall near the northeast corner of the cellar. This opening was about two feet by eighteen inches.

"It was found necessary to cut through the piles on which the building was supported, and this tedious labor was at length successfully completed with no other tools but pocket-knives. As they penetrated into the earth, great difficulty was experienced on account of the candles, which refused to burn in the close air of the tunnel. One of the party was compelled to stand constantly at the opening fanning air into it with his hat. The tunnel fell with a slight depression for a distance of about twelve feet, then continued slightly ascending for about the same distance, and was nearly level the remainder of its length. It was about fifty-three feet long. The first depression was rendered necessary by the fall of the ground toward the warehouse.

"The tunnel at its entrance was about two feet by eighteen inches, and for some six feet of its length ran at right angles with the street; it then turned a few degrees to the right, with a diameter of only sixteen inches, and continued at this angle, increasing gradually to a diameter of about two feet to its exit. In order to pass through, it was necessary, of course, to lie flat on one's face, propelling one's self with the hands and feet, as the space was not sufficient to allow creeping on hands and knees.

As they approached the yard of the warehouse a slight error in the computation of the distance nearly proved fatal to the enterprise. Thinking they had reached the inclosure, they dug up to the surface, and upon breaking through, discovered that they had come out in the street, outside the fence, and within a few yards of the sentinels.

"The hole was quickly filled up with a pair of old pants and some straw, and the digging was continued a few feet further to the desired point under a shed in the yard. An empty hog-head was drawn over the opening to conceal it in the daytime. During more than three weeks this severe labor had been perseveringly carried on. The only implements used were a large chisel furnished with a long handle, and a wooden spit-box brought down from one of the rooms above. To each end of this box a cord was attached by which it could be drawn into the tunnel and filled with the removed earth by the digger and drawn out by his assistant. The earth and gravel thus taken out was concealed under some straw and rubbish in the cellar.

"On the night of the 8th the tunnel was finally pronounced practicable for the proposed escape of the party. About twenty-five of the prisoners are said to have been in the secret; these were to make their escape early in the evening, and were to have two hours' start. After that the rest of the prisoners were to be informed, and all who were strong enough were to be allowed to go out.

"Colonel Streight and his party were the first to go, and succeeded in making their way out undetected. Once in the yard of the warehouse they had but to pass out through a gate into the street, between the guards, and walk boldly away along the canal. During the night 109 of the officers thus made their escape."

During the night, Colonel Cavada says, there was a panic among the prisoners who were waiting their turn. Someone cried that the guard was coming, and everyone fought for a chance at the hole into the tunnel. The noise was terrific, it seemed. The guard were alarmed, but made no investigation, and were heard finally to conclude that it was only the clatter of falling tinware or something of that sort.

Fifty-three of those who escaped got safely to the Union lines; the rest were recaptured. Colonel Rose was one of the unfortunates. He had got within sight of the Union lines,



and, thinking himself safe, sat down to rest by the road. Two men in Federal uniform came along and asked him who he was. Taking them for Union soldiers, he told them. They were rebel scouts, and promptly took him in and started back toward Richmond. On the way there, being left awhile alone with one of the scouts, he made a desperate effort to escape, but being weak through the hardships endured in prison, was overpowered and held until the second scout returned.

One of those who led in the tunnel scheme was Major A. G. Hamilton, of the Twelfth Kentucky Cavalry.

### WAYS OF DETECTIVES.

"What are you doing there?"

The man to whom it is addressed is a short, thick-set man; there is nothing about him to attract attention. He is the most commonplace man I have met for some time. He is simply leaning against a pile of boxes, trunks and the like at a railroad station. Upon first glance he looks like a sleepy old fellow who may have drank more than a flagon of rum, or he may have walked a long distance, and therefore he is fatigued. As anyone approached him in the crowd he looked sharply, and then seemed to become oblivious.

That man is one of the sharpest detectives in the State of Massachusetts.

"What are you doing there?" is the question again.

Quickly, without moving a muscle, without looking up again, he answers, in a low, distinct voice:

"Don't speak to me now; I'm watching a man."

I moved away.

Presently the crowd gets thicker. The sleepy gentleman by the trunks becomes suddenly aroused. He moved about very rapidly among the people. What will he do?

Hardly is there time to walk ten paces when he has disappeared. The train thunders into the station and the people went aboard. The man was nowhere.

That night one of the boldest burglars was arrested and lodged in jail. He was arrested on that train, and by the sleepy man.

The arrest was accomplished thus: As a rough-looking man with a tin pail in his hand walked quickly from the depot to the train the detective followed him closely, and just as he was about to put his foot on the step he tripped and fell to the platform. In an instant the detective fell on top of him.

The two men were assisted into the car, and then the detective apologized for having fallen on him. They sat down together in the smoking-car, the old-fashioned detective took out of his pockets a lot of cakes and apples, and they began to eat and talk about the news.

"That was a bad bit of work those fellows done there in Boston. Did you see the evening papers?"

"What do you mean?" said the man.

"Why, that safe burglary last night."

"Was there a burglary?"

"Yes; didn't you hear of it? Why, they stole over \$100,000 worth of cash securities and bonds from the — Bank."

"Indeed! Any arrests?"

"Not yet, but the officers are close on the track of the leader of the gang."

"Are they? Do they think they have the right man?"

"Yes; they are watching a man in East Boston by the name of Ridgewood, a noted burglar."

Just at this moment a man arose from the seat behind and walked out of the car. He passed on into the next car.

"That's our man," whispered the detective to his apparently injured companion. The two men arose and passed into the next car after the fellow who had arisen.

They caught up to the man as he was going out of the next car. The train was stopping at a short station. The man got off. He was arrested.

"How did you know that was Ridgewood?" was asked of the detective.

"Because when I mentioned his name he started and left the car. There is something about a criminal that gives him away to a practiced eye. I saw that man on the platform—he was walking up and down. He did not walk more than eight feet before he would turn and walk back again. At this I became aroused and watched him closer.

"It was when I tripped up my friend that I wanted to avoid suspicion; the burglar was behind us; the man who fell first is one of the best detectives in Boston. He was dressed like a workman and carried a pail. When we fell the man whom we were following did not notice us, but hurried into the cars; all the other people stopped and looked on.

"The man went directly to the smoker, and lit a cigar nervously; he drew his hat over his eyes, and nestled down in his seat, apparently engrossed in his newspaper. The man read the same paper for a long time. He did not seem to be interested in it at all, although his eyes were intently upon it. They were only on one spot. We sat down in front of him, and began to eat apples and talk. When I mentioned the name of Ridgewood he started from his reverie. I looked him square in the eye. He got up and left the car. He was our man.

"Oh, about the eight-foot walk? Well, you see, an old criminal who has done time will never get out of the habit of walking up and down as he has done so long in his cell. He will only go about eight feet; that is the regulation length of cells. He does this unconsciously, and even though he may guard himself against it, before he knows it he will begin to walk up and down.

"Of course," said the detective, "no man gives himself up to justice—no criminal tells the detective that he is the man. We are compelled to judge from our experience. A criminal has a certain look, a peculiar way of moving secretly, even in public places—in hotels, at theaters, all over. No one but a skillful man in criminal work can tell the difference, but their actions are readily apparent—they become a larger part of the criminal's nature; he cannot cast off himself.

"Then there are other things; certain well-known criminals have," he added, "a distinct style of work. The crime is always carefully investigated, and the detectives learn the methods of the different men. It is a school. I cannot explain it to you unless you are a close observer of human nature.

"A criminal, in walking along the street, will unconsciously turn his head and give a quick glance backward, almost ever so often, generally within every one hundred steps. I can tell a man instantly when I enter a crowd. That's why these fellows hide away; they know that if they appear in public that they will be recognized."

"I wonder," said the tall man in the suit of faded black, "if I could interest you in a new and cheap edition of the works of Anthony Trollope." "I don't know," answered the man at the desk. "Go ahead and let me hear what you have to say." The book agent began at once. "Every student of literature knows," he said, "that Anthony Trollope was one of England's great novelists. It is true, perhaps, that he wrote for a limited class." And so on, for ten minutes. "No," said the man at the desk, turning again to his work, "you haven't succeeded in interesting me a bit." "That's all right," rejoined the tall man in the suit of faded black, replacing the sample volumes in his valise with imperturbable composure, "I have just started out canvassing with these books, and I was only practising on you. Good afternoon."



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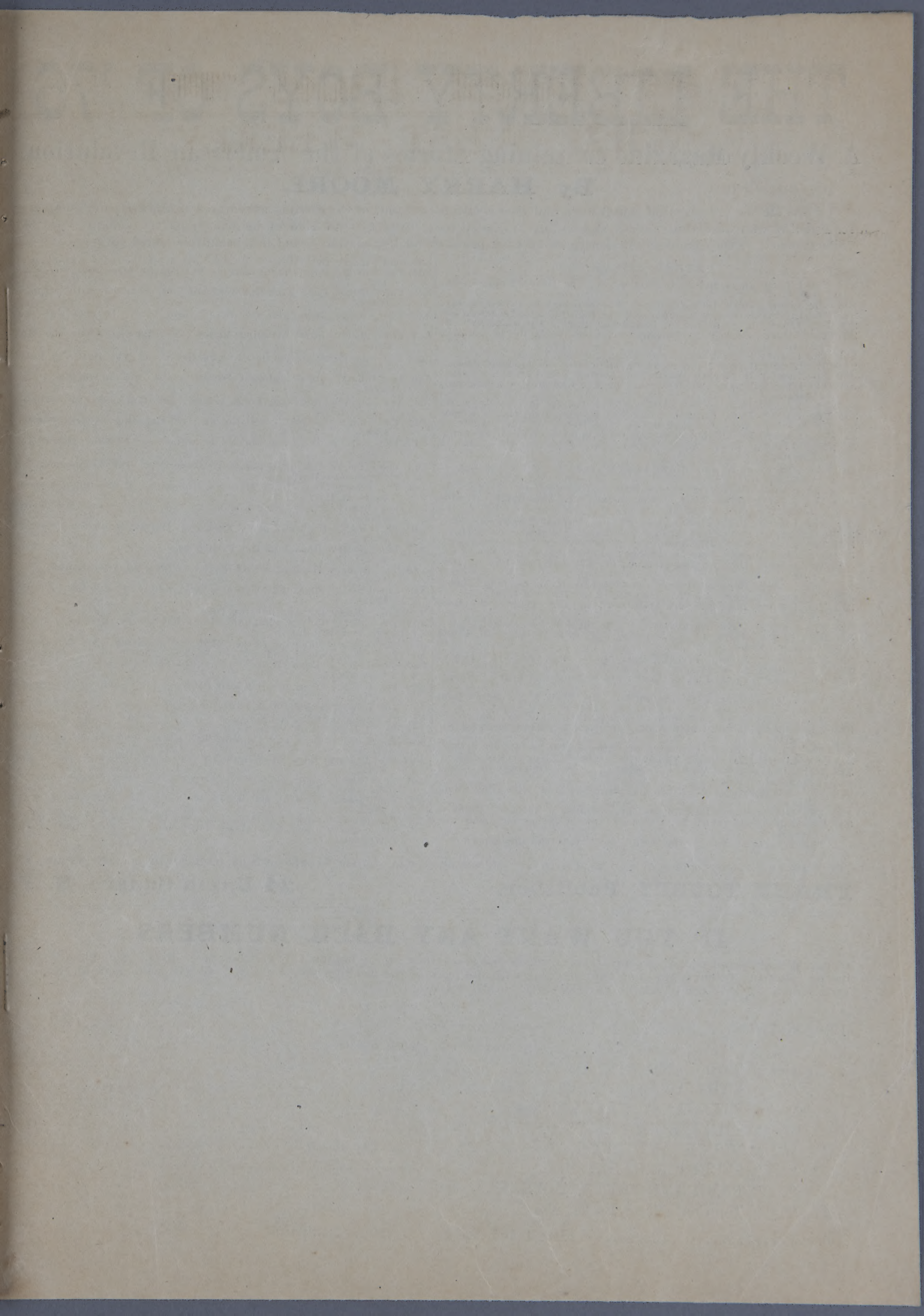
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